

Week ending June 21-1958

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

I GUARDED RUSSIA'S SECRET ROCKETS

Sir Hartley Shawcross and
the Acid Bath murders

The new **HORNBLOWER**
adventure by C. S. Forester

RAFFLES
AND THE BANNED HOUSE





You prefer pale ale

how will you get what you want unless you say the name?

It was the Whitbread in the window which reminded her to order the beer for the week-end. They know it is the name Whitbread which ensures that they get the quality they prefer. Not the cheapest bottled beer they can buy. Just the best—in condition when they pour it

out, and in flavour, superb flavour, when they drink it. As well as the larger size, they order a few Pony Whitbread—the smallest bottle—specially for her. Whitbread Pale Ale is to be found among today's wider range of choice in pubs, clubs, bars, restaurants and licensed retailers.

WHITBREAD Pale Ale

flavour superb



Brewed and bottled with all the care that the name on the label implies

FREE SPEECH

Do Housework The Hard Way—And Be Fit At Eighty

Away with all this labour-saving advice for housewives. I've always welcomed housework to keep me fit. I take every chance to bend, twist, turn, stand on tip-toe; I deliberately keep things on shelves out of easy reach, and I'll gladly go up three flights of stairs several times a day to exercise my legs.

I believe in using my muscles; tiredness comes second. People who buy gadgets "to save stooping" and "to save backache" will regret it when they're old and stiff. I can still do the garden without getting backache, or touch the floor with the flat of my hand without bending my knees—and I'm eighty. I couldn't have done if I'd saved my back and minded my steps.

MRS. H. DORSET.

Odd Men In

A man who can wiggle his ears can make as many friends as he likes. All he has to do is give a wiggle, raise a few smiles—and he's as good as introduced. I am not a good mixer, but once when I had a black eye strangers often spoke to me; more than had done in years. Shy people should take my tip: acquire an odd characteristic and you will never be short of friends.



LT., HEATH END, FARNHAM, SURREY.

Nursery Express

I recently had to make a five-hour railway journey with a fourteen-month-old baby—and what a journey it was! I had to hold the child the whole trip to keep it out of trouble. Why cannot long-distance trains have nursery coaches where children may crawl and play? Any mother who has shared my experience would, I'm sure, willingly pay extra to use such a coach.

JEAN LEWIS, DOVEDALE CLOSE, PRENTON, CHESHIRE.

"We have considered the idea," say British Railways, "but the cost would be so high that we haven't any plans for such coaches at present. In the ladies' rooms of big stations we do provide such facilities as milk warmers for mothers with young children."

Home, Sweet Home

So there's a new defence for our Sunday observance laws. Frederick Erroll, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, is quoted as saying: "What may appear to us as irritating restrictions may be part of the charm of Britain to the visitors."

Must we pander to the tourists in everything? To hell with the visitors—we have to live here.

H. S. CLEMENTS, CROWNFIELD ROAD, STRATFORD, LONDON.

Down With These Flags

It's time there was a public outcry against the dirty, unhygienic habit shopkeepers have of sticking tin price labels into food. I don't know if they ever wash them, but I've seen these stickers picked off the counter and put straight into bacon or cheese. They're often rusty and they usually leave a dirty hole when taken out. They should be banned.

F. M. PARFITT, BRISTOL, G.

Zebras For Cows?

I am appalled at the impatience of car drivers while cattle are being driven across the road that cuts through our farm. I believe that the law gives properly driven cattle precedence over

Continued on next page

Be snap-happy with ILFORD films!



See for yourself what Ilford films will do for your camera. Millions of happy snappers have proved to themselves that Ilford films make all pictures better and good pictures brilliant. So whatever make your camera is, give it a chance to show what it can really do—ask for Ilford films and be happy with every snap.

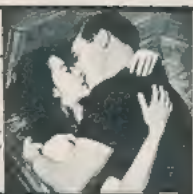
CARRY A CAMERA & TAKE FACES & PLACES

The story of a girl
who had to choose
between decency and
desire!



STARRING
GENE KELLY **NATALIE WOOD**

"Noel,
I don't care!
Maybe what
I'm doing is
wrong, I
don't know—
I'm in love!"



"Marjorie,
take those
feelings and
save them
for the man
who'll marry
you."



"I've been
playing your
rules—not
touching you,
not touching
any other girl
either...
till Imogene."



ALSO STARRING
TREVOR WYNN
SLOANE MILNER JONES
WITH GEORGE THOMAS SCREENPLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
BASED UPON A NOVEL BY HERMAN WOEHL
PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING
DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER

RELEASED JUNE 22

FREE SPEECH

continued from previous page

motor traffic, but the Highway Code is not as clear on this as it should be. Why can't some form of zebra crossing for cattle be introduced?

W. WOODFORD, OSNEY HILL FARM,
WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

"Sounds a fine idea," says the National Farmers' Union, "though we don't know of any plans for such crossings. Cattle don't take precedence, but they have as much right on the road as anything else."

Invisible Dager

On a visit to the Swansea Valley I noticed how clear the air was because so much anthracite is used in the area. But one day a gust of wind came down the chimney and I was nearly choked by the fumes that blew into the room. We want cleaner air, but is our campaign against smoke filling the air with something worse?

MRS. JANE HARRISON, NEW MARKE,
RED CAR, YORKSHIRE.

"There's nothing harmful in anthracite that isn't also in coal," says a fuel expert. "Its disadvantage is that it doesn't burn you, like coal, with a cloud of smoke when it's entering the room—so you do nothing about it. One criticism of the Clean Air Act is that it only gets rid of the dirty part of coal; smokeless fuels still give off sulphur, medically the dangerous part."

No Time At All

As a printing apprentice I agree that apprenticeships should be cut ("Free Speech," May 17).

In fact, they shouldn't be governed by a length of time at all. They should end when the apprentice passed an examination (such as City and Guilds) to show that he had reached the required standard.

Under such a scheme apprentices would want to work harder to end their

training earlier—and if they were given less time-wasting errand running to do perhaps they would be able to.

A. J. PAGE, ATHELSTAN ROAD,
CANTERBURY.

Shaggy Story

If other men would do what I do every time the Hairdressers' Federation raises the price of a haircut ("Free Speech," May 24) a lot of barbers might give up their membership and put their prices down.

Every time the price goes up I make



a haircut last a few days longer—so my barber now gets 13s. a year less from me than he did four years ago.

E. KNIGHTS, QUEENS ROAD,
LOWESTOFT.

Dry-cleaned Eggs

I'm glad to see that farmers are being told not to wash eggs. At present, despite the damage it does to the eggs, thousands are washed every week.

Country folk know better. They wouldn't dream of using washed eggs for hatching. They just wash the ones for sale—to pander to the housewife who doesn't like a dirty shell.

T. S. MITCHELL, ST. GILES IN THE WOOD,
TORRINGTON.

"We're having difficulty getting producers—and the packing stations, our own agents—to stop washing eggs," says the Egg Marketing Board. "In washing, germs can seep into the egg and make it

bad. But eggs do have to be cleaned; they both keep and sell better. We believe in dry cleaning—or, better still, the hens should have clean nests, then the eggs wouldn't get dirty."

Valueless Vows

Until the Church ensures that only sincere, responsible people are allowed the privilege of a church wedding, the unhappy problems raised in your serial "Made For Man" will remain a source of argument and frustration.

Far too many church marriages today are for purely "social" reasons. If people wanting the Church's blessing fully accepted their vows as irrevocable, the question of repeating them while the original partner was still alive would never arise.

A vow once broken is valueless. And who would wish to repeat a valueless vow?

MRS. MYFANY HOPE, UPLANDS,
LLANWINDA, CAERNARVON.

The Church's laws on marriage follow Christ's teaching as plainly stated in the gospels (Mark 10, vv. 11-12). If Parliament were to try to force the clergy to "remarry" divorced people, priests would have a moral obligation to break the State law. But it wouldn't be the first time that priests had been sent to prison for obeying the laws of Christ.

J. E. BURROWS, HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION,
LEEDS, 2.

Overtime Spell

My son, an intelligent boy in other ways, was very poor at spelling. Nothing I tried helped him and I decided that it must be his "blind" spot—until we moved home and he changed schools.

Immediately there was a big improvement. His explanation: "If we get less than eighteen out of twenty we have to stay in." It seems that old-fashioned methods still get results.

MRS. E. LOWELL, BROADWAY ROAD,
KINGSTON, DEVON.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the **JOHN BULL** Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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**THIS
WEEK'S
COVER**



CLEARLY, under Pedestrian Crossing Regulation Number 4 of 1954, pedestrians have precedence over motorists on an uncontrolled zebra crossing. Well, here are three gallant gentlemen evidently determined to see justice done—ready even to set aside the dignity of the law-obiding to aid a lady in distress. Critchlow, who stopped the traffic to prove that road courtesy is much in evidence, comments: "Short skirts and high heels may be handicaps against stooping, but the disadvantages are more than offset by a fetching figure and a pretty profile."

Thirsty?
take
the
necessary



Schweppes

since

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In this week's wonderful issue now on sale

SPECIAL 1½-BARGAIN PATTERN

*Last-minute
Summer Dress*

Only a few days to your holiday and you need another dress . . . just *one more* . . . almost every woman does! So we've produced a special 1½-Bargain Pattern of the perfect holiday dress . . . quick-to-make, easy-to-pack, lovely-to-wear. Cut with fitting but deceptive simplicity . . . you can make it in the shortest possible time, just before you start packing. It's a **WOMAN'S REALM** exclusive . . . don't miss it!

EXTRA 4-PAGE PULL-OUT LOVELY FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

Make elegant, impressive displays with simple, inexpensive flowers . . . it's so easy once you know the professional tricks of flower display! Violet Stevenson shows you lots of beautiful flower arrangements, some in gorgeous colour!

HIGH FASHION KNITTING

Here are four very new knitteds, all exclusive to **WOMAN'S REALM** . . . a beautiful, raglan sweater with three-quarter sleeves, a machine-knit shortie jersey, an elegant V-neck jumper for the larger figure (up to 42" bust) and a darling crossover lacy vest for a baby.

COLD COOKERY RECIPES

Lots of new, mouth-watering recipes for summer, tested, timed, costed, as all **WOMAN'S REALM** recipes are . . . including Lamb Cutlets in Aspic (not as hard to make as you'd think), Fruit Jelly with Chocolate Mousse centre, Strawberry Shortcake, Eggs Stuffed with Ham, and lots more!

FIRST-CLASS FICTION

Two delicious short stories . . . "Barbara's Angel" by Yvonne Tobitt, "The Fragrant Memory" by Denys Val Baker, and the second long instalment of the splendid new serial "A Handful of Shadows" by Audrie Manley-Tucker.

THE GREAT
NEW
COLOUR WEEKLY

4^D

WOMAN'S REALM

*I save a lot
of lolly with
"Woman's
Realm"*



GO FOR YOUR COPY EARLY AND PLACE A REGULAR ORDER!

Britain's gentleman crook in a gay new adventure . . . by Barry Perowne

RAFFLES

and the Banned House



The sight of Raffles with Dr. Emma seemed to disturb the pretty newcomer. Her fingers were suddenly still

A GREAT crowd of music-lovers was streaming out from the Albert Hall into the darkness of a mild night. It was about eleven o'clock. As I took a Sullivan from the cigarette-case offered me by A. J. Raffles, I was humming absently a theme from one of the works we had heard.

"Haunting little thing, that, Bunny," Raffles remarked. "Dr. Emma Valentine's," I said. "I've always admired her work."

"If I'd known that earlier," Raffles said, "I'd have introduced you to her. She was the old lady I was talking to while you were busy getting a programme. She was a neighbour of mine for a while last year, at the Albany."

I lit his cigarette for him. "She's asked me to tea tomorrow—Sunday. I'll take you along with me, Bunny," he went on. "I'm sure Dr. Emma won't mind. She's living at an

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS



"Miss Monday," said Raffles. "We're busy on a little private inquiry entrusted to us by Dr. Emma. Could you possibly dine with us tonight?"

hotel overlooking Kensington Gardens. For many years she lived in a small house she owns, just near there, but last year an old companion who lived with her had to go abroad indefinitely, and Dr. Emma couldn't stand living in the house without her.

"Very understandable," I said.

"Somebody lent Dr. Emma a furnished flat at the Albany for a few months," Raffles said. "I had many a talk with her there. She was worried about her house, and her things in it, especially her piano, a concert grand. She didn't want to sell the house, or let it furnished, because she had the idea that at any moment she might go back to it again. But, as I say, when she left the Albany she went to an hotel, and I gathered this evening that she still has the house problem."

WE were walking past some of the great Embassies which face the park and, changing the subject, he said: "I see the Imperial Ambassador is entertaining again."

The lofty windows on the first floor of the most imposing of the embassies stood wide open. I glimpsed the faceted sparkle of many chandeliers, heard the lilt of violins.

"The most tireless entertainer in London," Raffles said. "He works like a beaver to try to make some sort of favourable impression on public opinion here, because his government's policy is so damned unpopular." He took a thoughtful pull at his cigarette. "He's got another junket on, on Monday night. He's staging a sort of private view, at the embassy, of the Imperial collection of jade, which is being sent over on loan—another bid for public opinion, of course—to be displayed at one of the museums here."

He flicked away his cigarette suddenly.

"Look, Bunny, to return to what we were discussing," he said, "Dr. Emma's house, being unoccupied, is probably going to rack and ruin. It mightn't be a bad idea to see what kind of state it's in. It's only just round the corner."

The corner we turned, to the right, led us into a dark little square. Off this, we turned again to the right, into a narrow, badly-lit street.

"It's really too dark," I said, "to judge what sort of state it's in."

Taking my arm, he drew me up some steps into a porch, and I was astonished to realize

that he was going to work in his deft way on the door-lock.

"Granted you're a friend of Dr. Emma's," I said uneasily, "but are you sure it's in order for us to look round inside? I don't quite..."

Raffles cut me short by opening the door and pulling me inside. In the pitch darkness I heard him unlock the door. He struck a match and, as he held it shielded in his hands, I saw that we were in a small, white-panelled hall.

With growing uneasiness, I followed him to a baize-covered door, which he pushed open. We entered a narrow passage with a bolted door at its end. Raffles shook out the match, moved forward, and unbolted the door. He drew me after him, closing the door behind us.

We were in a small yard, with a wall to either side and a much higher wall facing us. A faint diffusion of light on the far side of the higher wall silhouetted a row of spikes along its top. Raffles moved across the yard, with me following him. He lifted a garden table, placed it against the wall. Climbing on to the table, he pulled himself up, and peered over the wall.

As I stared up at him in astonishment, I became aware of the sound of violins from somewhere on the far side of that wall. Instantly, I realized why he had come here.

Raffles dropped back beside me, brushing off his hands. He chuckled. "It's just as I thought, Bunny. The possibility didn't occur to me till we were passing the Imperial Embassy just now, but Dr. Emma's unoccupied house proves to be right at the back of the embassy garden."

I could have struck him. "I'll have nothing to do with it," I said. "To think of using the house of a great old lady like Dr. Emma as a means of getting at the imperial jade—"

"Dammit, Bunny," said Raffles, "you know me better than that."

I followed him back across the yard.

"Mind you," he said, as he turned the handle of the back door, "if this unoccupied house hadn't been Dr. Emma's, I'm not say..." He broke off sharply. He turned the door-handle again. "The door's bolted."

I went cold. "Impossible," I breathed. "The house is unoccupied."

"Doors don't bolt themselves," Raffles said. He stepped back, glanced up at the back of the

house, then at the walls to either side. "I wouldn't have us caught here for a fortune," he whispered. "Over that side wall there. Quick!"

There were no spikes on the side wall. We climbed four such walls in succession, moving swiftly and silently, and dodged across four little yards similar to Dr. Emma's. Finally we dropped down into the little, dark square, and headed out of it, walking pretty briskly.

"Offhand," Raffles said, "my guess'd be that somebody was lurking in the house who'd been struck, as I was, by its possibilities in relation to the imperial jade, and was using the house as an observation post. But dammit, it won't wash, Bunny."

"Why not?" I said.

"Because he'd have heard us pass through the house," Raffles said, "and he'd know that, whoever we were, we'd try to come back through it, because there's no other exit from the yard. But why draw attention to his own presence in the house by bolting that door?"

We parted in a thoughtful mood. . . .

PERSONALLY I felt so guilty about having trespassed in Dr. Emma's house at all that I would have preferred to have avoided going to tea with her next afternoon, Sunday; but Raffles called for me about half-past three and we walked across the park in the sunshine to Dr. Emma's hotel.

We were conducted upstairs by a pert pageboy, and I was surprised to hear a hubbub of young feminine voices. Throwing open the door, the boy announced in a piercing treble: "Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders, ma'am."

The hubbub ceased abruptly. The room was flooded with sunshine from tall windows which stood open to a balcony overlooking the Round Pond. Dr. Emma, with her rich red shawl about her frail shoulders, sat on a stool near the windows. Near her, on her right, sat a grey-eyed, amber-haired girl with a sensitive face; and on the old lady's left sat a dark, slumbrous-looking girl of Italian appearance. Sheets of music manuscript were spread on a table and leaning over them were three other girls, who straightened up at our entrance.

"Dr. Emma," said Raffles, as he took her hand, "I've ventured to bring a friend with me, a devoted admirer of your work—Bunny Manders."

"I'm delighted to see you here, Mr. Manders," said Dr. Emma. "You must meet my young protégées." With a pleasant gesture, she indicated the girl on her right, saying: "Miss Monday," and then the girl on her left, saying: "Miss Tuesday." Making my bows, I felt a growing bewilderment as she continued, indicating the other three girls, "Miss Wednesday, Miss Thursday—and Miss Friday."

The girls returned our greetings decorously.

"Really, Mr. Manders," said Dr. Emma, seeing my perplexity, "it's too bad of me to mystify you gentlemen. Mr. Raffles, when I met you last night at the Albert Hall, I felt I owed it to you to let you see how shrewdly I've solved at least one of my problems. So I asked you to tea today, and you must regard the way in which I introduced my protégées as a particular privilege, for the names I used are those which we use among ourselves. Isn't that so, Monday?"

The amber-haired Monday girl smiled. "When we first knew Dr. Emma," she explained to us, "and started coming to tea with her every Sunday, she'd say, when we arrived: 'Ah, here's my Miss Tuesday'—or whichever of us she happened to be greeting. At first, you see, Dr. Emma remembered each of us best by the day in the week when it was our turn to have the use of her house for the afternoon and evening."

I felt a sudden misgiving.

"The use of her house?" Raffles said in his easy way.

"Of the piano in her house," said the Italian-looking girl. "Of her concert grand. Scusi."

"As you know, Mr. Raffles," said Dr. Emma

placidly. "I was particularly worried about my piano. My fingers don't allow me to play on it nowadays, and pianos, if they aren't too deteriorate, must be played on."

"The problem was solved for me one day when I chanced to be thinking about my young days, when I was a working girl in London, studying theory and composition in my spare time and dreaming of a scholarship in music. Remembering the shifts and devices to which I was put to get my greedy fingers for an hour or two on the keyboard of somebody else's piano, I wondered how girls living in rooms were placed."

"So I put in an advertisement, asking if there happened to be any such girl who might care to come and practise on my concert grand in her spare time, and prevent it from going to rack and ruin. Mr. Raffles, the results were surprising. So many replies! So many girls!"

"I decided," she went on, "that my piano should be played on every day, so I chose six girls of musical promise, whose half-days off from their occupations ran from Monday to Saturday. I gave each girl a key to my house, so that she could have the house and piano all to herself, quite undisturbed, for the whole of her afternoon and evening off. My only stipulation, since I didn't want the girls tramping home unescorted through the streets at all hours, was that they should pack up their music and lock the house securely not later than ten o'clock."

I was listening in fascination. Vivid in my mind was the mysteriously bolted door. But on Saturday it had been after eleven when Raffles and I had trepassed through the silent house.

I stole a glance at Raffles, but just then a knock sounded on the door and I saw Dr. Emma smile past me at a newcomer.

"Last but not least," said Dr. Emma. "Mr. Raffles. Mr. Manders—Miss Saturday."

I had to force myself to turn and face her. She was a rather small girl, pleasingly formal, trim and self-possessed. She wore a pretty little hat on her neat, swept-back hair, and was plucking off her gloves, one finger at a time. She inclined her head to Raffles and myself, but, as she glanced from one to the other of us, her fingers became suddenly still, and I had an uncomfortable impression that there came into her clear blue eyes a shade of reserve.

DR. EMMA said: "Come and sit down, Saturday, and take off your hat. Mr. Raffles is an old friend of mine."

"I see," said Miss Saturday. She looked down at her gloves, finished removing them, placed them together. She smoothed them thoughtfully, then looked up and said: "Dr. Emma, has anybody besides us got a key to your house?"

My feet felt rooted to the floor.

"Certainly not," said Dr. Emma. "Why?"

The girl moved forward, sat down, and said, with composure: "I have a confession to make. I was practising your F-sharp piano concerto yesterday. It's very difficult, and I was at it solidly from three o'clock on, with just one small break. That was when, as it began to get dark, I stopped to make a cup of tea on the spirit-stove, and light the piano-candles and pull the drawing-room curtains. Then I went on practising, and I have to admit to you frankly that, when I looked at my watch, it was gone eleven."

Raffles took out his cigarette-case meditatively. "I felt very guilty at having broken the solemn promise we all made to you, Dr. Emma," said Miss Saturday. "I closed the piano at once, packed my music-case, and blew out the piano-candles. I was just about to feel my way across to the drawing-room door when I heard men's voices in the porch. The lock of the front door turned and the men came into the hall."

There was a knock at the door and the pageboy came in, carrying a cakestand in each hand, and followed by a waiter pushing a tea-trolley. Nobody paid any attention.

"Go on, Saturday," said Dr. Emma.

"The drawing-room door was half open," said

Miss Saturday. "I saw a flicker of light in the hall as a match was struck. Standing by the piano, I was sort of at an angle to the door, and I saw two huge shadows for a second on the wall of the hall. And then the two men were gone, through the baize-covered door, and out to the back. I heard the back door open and shut."

"You ran out of the house at once, I hope," said Dr. Emma, "and told a policeman?"

The Saturday girl looked down at her gloves.

"That's what I have to confess," she said. "I didn't." She looked up. "Dr. Emma, may I ask you something?"

"What is it, Saturday?"

"Because of what I've told you," the girl said, "do you intend to put an end to our using your house and your piano?"

The old lady made a little movement with her hands, resting on the sheets of music. "What else can I do, Saturday?" she said. "I must have been mad. It never entered my head that there could be danger in one or other of you girls being quite alone in that house, night after night. Of course it must end."

"I knew it," said Miss Saturday. "I knew that would be your very first thought. I knew it as I stood by the piano, in the darkness, in your drawing-room, with my heart going thump-thump-thump like mad. I wanted to run out of the front door and find a policeman, but I kept thinking that, if I hadn't broken my promise and overstayed my time, it would never have happened, and that the moment the police came to you about it, the first thing you would do would be to end the arrangement, and that I'd ruined everything for all six of us. I couldn't move."

Neither could I. It was Raffles and I who had ruined everything.

"Then an idea came into my head," said the Saturday girl. "I thought that perhaps you need never know anything about what had happened, Dr. Emma. The men were obviously marauders, who thought the house unoccupied, and the idea came to me that, if they tried to come back into the house and found the back door bolted, they'd realize that the house wasn't unoccupied at all, and they'd get as big a shock as I'd had, and they wouldn't be able to get away too fast. So I crept along the passage in the dark and bolted the back door."

The amber-haired Monday girl shuddered. "I just couldn't have done it," she said. "I don't know how you had the courage."

"It wasn't courage," said Miss Saturday. "It was desperation. When I'd done it, I crept out of the front door, locked it behind me, and ran like a hare, with my music-case. And I have to confess, Dr. Emma, that I was determined not to breathe a word to you about the matter."

"Why did you, then?" said Miss Tuesday.

"Because of you," said the Saturday girl. "Because of you five, of course. It dawned on me as I was coming here today—I've been walking about in the gardens, thinking about it, which is why I was late for tea. Suppose something like it were to happen when one of you was alone in the house. Something worse, perhaps. And I'd said nothing. How would I feel? I realized it was no good. I just had to tell Dr. Emma—and all of you."

"It must end," said Dr. Emma. "I ought never to have allowed it in the first place."

I just could not stand it. I walked to the window and stared out at the Round Pond, freckled with the sails of model yachts.

"Dr. Emma," said Raffles, "I wonder if I might make a suggestion? It's impossible to argue with your decision to ban your house to these young ladies. On the other hand, I wonder if I might, as an old friend, look into this whole matter a little further for you? Between us, I feel sure Bunny Manders and I could work out some absolutely ideal way to guarantee the safety of these young ladies at their piano practices."

I turned from the window and looked at Raffles. His eyes were on Dr. Emma. A murmur of gratitude and renewed hope came from the



girls. Their eyes were on Dr. Emma, too—all except those of Miss Saturday, who was looking down at her gloves.

Obviously reluctant to dash the girls' hopes, Dr. Emma agreed, though doubtfully, that Raffles should look into the whole position for her. So we had tea, now, in a rather less depressed atmosphere than might have been expected. Raffles and Miss Monday carried their teacups out on to the balcony, where they stood chatting together in the sunshine. I pulled myself together and did my best to be generally agreeable, but a continuing reserve in Miss Saturday's manner discouraged me from making overtures in her direction, and I was intensely relieved when at last Raffles and I were able to get away.

"Damn you, Raffles," I said bitterly, as we walked across the gardens. "I've never felt such a low hound in my life. We've lost those girls a privilege that was priceless to them. What's more, that Saturday girl is suspicious."

"She has a gnawing doubt about us, certainly," Raffles said. "We've got to remove it. What's more, we've got to solve the problem that's arisen as a result of the ban Dr. Emma's placed on her house."

I said: "What have you in mind?"

"The imperial jade," said A. J. Raffles.

I stopped dead. So did he.

"The girls will probably be taking their leave of Dr. Emma pretty soon," he said. "I'll see you at Kern's place later, Bunny. I've some arrangements to make there. Meantime, I want to find out Miss Monday's address."

"Miss Monday's?" I said, mystified.

"Just so," said Raffles. "I enjoyed my chat with her. Nice girl. Comes from Colchester. . . ."

IVOR KERN was the receiver of stolen property with whom we did business. He worked under cover of an antique shop in the King's Road, Chelsea. Just after eight o'clock that evening, as I was sitting with Kern in his gaslit sitting-room over the shop, Raffles came in.

"Ivor," he said, "I want you to send one of your minions down to Colchester by an early train in the morning—one that'll get him there fairly soon after the post offices open. I want him to send a telegram to a young lady. I've written her name and address, and the message to be sent, on this piece of paper."

Kern nodded, pocketed the paper.

"Next," said Raffles, helping himself to

sherry, "I want six revolvers and plenty of ammunition, some sticks of dynamite with fuses, six masks, a glass-cutter, a big bunch of skeleton keys, six pairs of gloves, and a selection of jemmies and similar housebreaking tools. All must be untraceable, and I want them packed into a valise."

I felt myself go white, but he chuckled and put a friendly hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry, Bunney," he said. "I put a foot badly wrong last night, and led you into trouble. I won't make such a ghastly mistake again. Now, as soon as Ivor's made the preparations I've asked for, we'll take him out to dinner and forget the whole business, and tomorrow morning, Bunney, I'll call for you at your flat."

It was mid-morning when he called, about eleven o'clock, and he invited me to accompany him to a shop in Bond Street. It turned out to be a ladies' shoe shop, and the first person I saw when we entered was the amber-haired Monday girl.

"Miss Monday," said Raffles, as we raised our hats, "we're busy on the little private inquiry entrusted to us by Dr. Emma. Could you possibly dine with us tonight?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I just can't. Not tonight. My father's wired me that he's coming to London on business and wants me to meet his train at Liverpool Street at seven o'clock. I had the wire half an hour ago. My landlady sent the telegraph boy here with it."

"I see," Raffles said. "Well, fathers must come first, of course." A thought seemed to strike him. "Does your father often come to London on business?"

"Why, no, never," she said. "I can't imagine what it can be about."

Frowning, Raffles took out his cigarette-case. "This may seem an odd request to you," he said slowly, "but might I suggest that you wire your father asking him to confirm, by telegram, that you're to meet him at Liverpool Street at seven this evening? There's just a possibility

that there could be a clue here to Miss Saturday's adventure. If you care to write out your telegram now, Manders and I could send it off for you. And if you would kindly give us the address of your lodgings, we could call at, shall we say, six o'clock—and you could let us know the result of your inquiry to your father."

Miss Monday agreed to all this. As we went to the post office to send off her telegram, I asked Raffles what his game was, but I got no change out of him.

At six o'clock, when we knocked on Miss Monday's door, her sensitive face was alight with excitement, her eyes were sparkling, and her first breathless words were: "It wasn't my father who sent that telegram to me this morning."

A keen look came into Raffles's eyes. "Miss Monday," he said, "I'm sure you must know where your friend Miss Saturday lives. Could you accompany us there?"

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly, "but Saturday won't be at home now. She works at a public library, and she's on till eight this week."

Raffles hailed a cab and, as the gaslamps began to shine out in the mild twilight, we jingled through the streets to the public library, where we found Miss Saturday busy at the desk, issuing books. We let Miss Monday have a word with her first, and when both girls joined us, in a recess among the bookshelves, Raffles said: "We'd very much like you, to come with us to the Imperial Embassy, Miss Saturday. In fact your presence is absolutely essential, and the matter's urgent. Would you care for me to have a word with the chief librarian?"

She gave A. J. Raffles a pretty straight look, "That won't be necessary," she said coldly. "I'll speak to him myself."

In the cab, with the horse clip-clopping along towards the Imperial Embassy, Miss Monday burst out: "But why? Why should someone have sent me that false telegram?"

"It looks very much," said Raffles, "as though whoever's behind all this has picked up a good deal of information about you young ladies who use Dr. Emma's house. He evidently knows that your day is Monday. Today's Monday. So it looks as though he doesn't want you there after seven this evening. He wants you kicking your heels at Liverpool Street Station, and Dr. Emma's house unoccupied."

"But Monday wouldn't have been at the house tonight, anyway," said Miss Saturday, "because it's all off, and the house is banned to us."

"We know that, of course," said Raffles, "but it's pretty obvious that the man who sent this telegram didn't. How could he?" He glanced out of the cab window. "And here we are at the embassy, I think."

The arrival of guests for the private view of the imperial collection of jade was clearly imminent. The white-gloved, knee-breeched footmen on duty at the door looked a bit askance on noting that neither the girls nor Raffles and myself were in evening dress.

"We're here," Raffles said to the footman who barred our way, "on a matter closely touching the safety of the imperial jade. Here's my card. Take it at once to the relevant official. Hurry, please. It's urgent."

After a brief wait we were conducted across the brilliant hall to a room in which a rather bleak-faced man in full evening dress, with decorations, rose from behind a desk to greet us. He had Raffles's card in his hand.

"Mr. Raffles—the England cricketer?" he said.

Raffles nodded. "I'll go straight to the point, sir," he said. "No doubt you know the name of Dr. Emma Valentine, and that her house closely neighbours the embassy garden, at the back there?"

The official nodded. Raffles turned to Miss Monday. "Please tell this gentleman about your piano practice and about the telegram."

Breathlessly, Miss Monday told her story. Then

Miss Saturday described her encounter with the unknown intruders.

"You see, sir?" Raffles said. "Tonight is the night of the private view of the imperial jade. A telegram was sent to ensure the Monday young lady's absence from the house. The inference seemed to my friend Mr. Manders and myself so inescapable that we brought both young ladies here to you without a moment's delay."

The official was on his feet, tugging at the bellpull. "We are deeply in your debt," he said. "Footman, bring refreshments here. Ladies, gentlemen, I beg you to excuse me."

It must have been half an hour or more before the official returned. He went straight to the tray on the desk and poured himself a stiff whisky.

"My dear sir," he said to Raffles, "I very much hope that, as in a sense Dr. Emma Valentine's representative, you'll approve the action that's been taken. The Scotland Yard man on duty here tonight effected an entry, in company with a couple of our embassy guards, into Dr. Valentine's house just now."

"The house was unoccupied, but the Yard man reports to me that criminals had indeed planted equipment in the house in preparation for a raid on the embassy. Six men, at least, must be involved, as a quick search has revealed a valise, hidden in a kitchen cupboard, containing a veritable arsenal, including half a dozen revolvers, masks and dynamite."

My heart gave a great thud. I knew, now, where Raffles had gone when he left me last night.

The official poured another whisky. He was badly shaken. "Mr. Raffles," he said, "a really appalling crime has been averted, and, believe me, His Excellency and all of us feel profoundly grateful."

"If these young ladies," Raffles said, "hadn't, as it chanced, been using that unoccupied house in the evenings, and if this young lady hadn't happened to stay late on Saturday—"

"Exactly, exactly," said the official. "It doesn't bear thinking about. We're greatly indebted to the young ladies."

"They, on the other hand," said Raffles regretfully, "have lost, as a result of what's happened, a privilege they greatly prized."

"I'm certain His Excellency," said the official, "will wish to make the young ladies, as an expression of gratitude, any compensation in his power. I—"

"The only really ideal way," Raffles said, "of ensuring the safety of the young ladies at their piano practice would be, of course, for each of them to have a simple little upright piano, which takes up less space than a concert grand, in her own room where she lives. If the six young ladies each had her own piano. . . ."

"Six pianos!" said the official, in consternation.

"If His Excellency himself," Raffles hinted delicately, "could possibly find the time to be present in person at some modest little ceremony of presentation. . . ."

I saw a sudden gleam come into the official's eyes, a look of calculation. I guessed the thought which Raffles had planted in the man's mind. It was a difficult period, diplomatically; the Imperial Embassy could afford to lose no chance of making a sympathetic impression. With journalists present, a modest little ceremony in the piano room of some large furnishing shop, with the ambassador making a kindly gesture of appreciation to six pretty girls. . . .

The official smiled suddenly, with a bow of agreement.

Later, as our cab was bearing us homeward, I ventured to express my admiration at the evening's adroit manoeuvre. But my friend seemed a trifle abstracted.

"Bunney, about that jade. Listen carefully. . . ." said A. J. Raffles.

THE END

© Philip Atkey, 1958



Perfume Counter

I am reminded at this counter where
The perfumes and their prices I
compare,
How, when a child, I bent to smell a
rose,
The bee that nestled in it stung my
nose.

And when the salesgirl, taking the
offensive,
So prettily persuades me to the
most expensive,
I ruefully reflect not only young
Fools are the ones who get severely
stung.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

I GUARDED RUSSIA'S

SECRET ROCKETS

by **SERIOSHA A. ASAFJEV**

as told to Robert Laszlo

**Day after day I watched
flames climb up the
sky . . . from launching
sites deep in the
wasteland of Siberia**



We travelled all night. In Siberia the nights are extremely bitter, even in summer, and this particular night in the summer of 1955 was no exception. A wind blew from the mountains. We were cold in our unheated army lorries.

We couldn't tell in which direction we were going and didn't know our destination. All we had been told was that we were to take part in manoeuvres. Something unusual was about to happen, we could tell; there was no artillery, nor were there any tanks or the other weapons needed for an orthodox military operation.

My company of the 6th Mechanized Division had been stationed about four miles from Olekminsk in Eastern Siberia. Two battalions of the Vitusk Infantry Brigade, two signal battalions, a mechanized infantry brigade from Omsk and some Khurghuz cavalry had arrived to join us. Then one morning the signal and technical units had left us. And suddenly one evening, just as we were preparing for bed, we had been told to get into a fleet of lorries.

Around midnight I felt that we had left the road. None of us could sleep except those from the northern provinces. They settled down with their caps over their faces. I, like the rest, felt freezing and was unable to doze for more than a couple of minutes at a time.

We continued all the following day and the next night. Throughout the latter part of the journey we saw no cultivated fields and only once did we see a house, a wooden shack between some trees.

The second morning we arrived at a large

steppe bordering a big forest. To the north and north-east was a chain of rocky mountains. This was the place where we were to stay on our "manoeuvres" for more than a month. We discovered later that there was a lake at the foot of the mountains.

Already the signal and technical units, which had left us about ten days before, had done a lot of work. There were telephone cables laid in several directions and trenches had been dug.

The place was surrounded by a thin wire waist high. Every ten yards or so was a yellow triangular piece of linen and a white metal sheet with the words, "Military manoeuvres—admission strictly prohibited," lettered on it. We

smirked as we read those words. By then, nobody believed in the story of manoeuvres any more.

The next morning we were told the truth.

All units were lined up. Then a Zim car arrived. A major-general, two other high-ranking officers and a middle-aged, bald, grey-suited civilian stepped out. They mounted a makeshift platform of wooden boxes. The major general was named Saburov.

"Our Soviet scientists," he said, "work night and day to make atomic energy serve the people. But it is impossible that at the same time they should not give the Russian Army the most modern weapons, to defend our peace, our country."

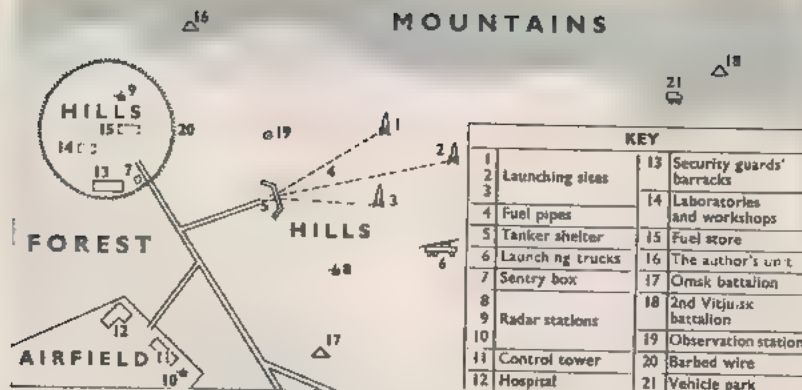
"In the following days you will be witnesses of atomic and missile tests along with the leaders of our great Bolshevik Party and the commanders of the Russian Army. Do not forget that our enemies are very much interested in our tests. They still don't know very much. But they are clever, and they are able to put together a lot of little pictures into the big one they want to see."

"These tests are some of our most important state secrets. Our party and our government expect you to keep faithfully the secrets you will witness here, according to your soldier's oath."

The surrounding territory, we learned, was divided into four zones, in concentric rings. The innermost zone, surrounding the explosion area, was code-named Pobeda (Victory), the next one was Zvezda (Star); the next Pamiir (the

This eye-witness story was written by a Russian Army corporal, who was posted to Budapest. There, during the 1956 revolution, his battalion refused to fight. Asafjev deserted and joined the Hungarian rebels. One of them, Robert Laszlo, persuaded him to tell his story. When the revolution was crushed, Asafjev fled to Yugoslavia and Laszlo brought the manuscript to London. Some of the names in it have been disguised for protection.

MOUNTAINS



Asafjev, the Russian soldier turned Freedom Fighter, handed to Lasso sketches of the rocket areas with the manuscript of his story. Bringing these out of Budapest was too dangerous for Lasso; he destroyed them, and redrew them later from memory

name of a mountainous region of Asia), and the outer circle Rieka (River). These rings were at a distance of eight, fifteen, twenty and thirty miles respectively.

The man in civilian clothes gave us a short explanation of the experiments that were to follow. All I understood was that some kind of rays would be spreading after the explosion and these were dangerous to all living creatures, but we would be in no danger as long as we kept to the instructions.

In the next few days order after order was given. It was forbidden to drink water from any stream, to eat any vegetable or animal that had been found in the area. We were to eat in the dining tents only and not to drink any water except that which was served there.

Came the fourth day, and the technical units placed smoke bombs in the forests and brush-covered hills to drive out the animals. Thousands of deer, bears, foxes and hares fled out to the steppe and were allowed to run south.

We were all especially interested in the innermost zone, Pobeda, and from my position I could see quite a lot of it. It looked like a real battlefield, with concrete shelters and trenches everywhere. I saw various pieces of artillery and counted 111 tanks of different makes and weights. They seemed to have been put there at random, some covered with mud. On every vehicle there were plastic dummies of human size and dressed in military uniforms. Farther on there was a long wall and several small ones of different materials. Behind the walls were more dummies in uniform, light arms, armoured cars and light anti-aircraft guns.

HALF a mile from the lake a few Siberian mules and goats were tethered to a pillar behind heavy concrete walls. At other points we saw more tethered animals. Some were behind walls, some under rocks and others in the open. I learned later that there were some smaller animals in the trucks and tanks, and according to rumour some watertight boxes which had been lowered to the bottom of the lake contained animals as well as instruments.

At different distances from the lake there were some metal plates at an angle of eighty degrees, some two or three feet in length and about half an inch thick. They were raised on metal platforms. Behind the plates were little metal boxes fixed to heavy foundations. I asked one of the technicians what the boxes were. He replied: "You could buy your village three times over with one of them. That's solid platinum."

The next day it rained.

The seventh morning was cloudy, but the sun shone occasionally and it looked as though the weather was going to be clear. I recall the weather because a large two-propellered helicopter approached from the direction of the

mountains and flew over the area very low. My sergeant said that members of the government and scientists were in it.

Then came the day of the explosion. All patrols were ordered to withdraw from the zone. We got up at five that morning. At five thirty we had our breakfast and then went to our shelters.

A few minutes before 7 a.m. we heard an approaching aeroplane. It was an Ilyushin bomber. It flew low and rather slowly. In a few minutes the plane returned, this time at top speed and climbing very fast. We knew the explosion would come in a few seconds.

When it did, I saw a very bright flame climbing up the northern sky. Soon the whole sky looked as if it were burning. Then came the thunder, echoing and re-echoing around the mountains. Then it became dark for a few seconds and a strong wind blew over our shelter.

I had been waiting for a big column of smoke like the one I had seen in a picture of an American nuclear explosion in a newspaper two years previously. But the smoke of this bomb was different. There were two columns, their heads joining. The smoke looked like a huge double-shafted arrow with its point at the ground and topped by whirling smoke.

Everybody gaped.

One hour later the smoke was still a bulky mass, almost motionless. We were very interested in the sky, which looked almost too clear. It seemed to us that all the clouds were being sucked into the dark mass.

About 10 a.m. the furled top spread farther and farther over the sky as the bottom of the column left the ground. Then a small radio-controlled aircraft approached. It flew over and straight into the centre of the smoke. Later, two bombers flew through it. These too were pilotless.

About noon the smoke had climbed very high and had melted into what might have been taken for ordinary clouds. Only then were we allowed to leave our trenches.

During the week after the explosion, the laboratory bus visited us three times. We were not allowed into the Pamir zone and we were given an order to shoot all the animals we saw.

Other pieces of information that reached us were that the tall rocks rising from the eastern banks of the lake had collapsed. The specially erected walls on the northern side had also collapsed or melted, but the tanks covered with mud and some of the concrete shelters had suffered little damage. All the trucks, guns and dummies, stationed in the open had been destroyed. The driver's seat of a Zis truck was found more than a mile from its original position. The gun turret of a T32-type tank was thrown 150 yards.

Two Siberian goats were still alive in a deep

hole about five miles from the centre of the explosion. These were taken away by car.

The technical staff who penetrated the zone Pobeda were dressed like deep-sea divers. They brought up large metal cylinders from the lake and took them into the mountains.

Ten days later we were ordered to take our places again in the trenches. This was about 1 p.m. But nothing happened. We were allowed to leave. The second explosion wasn't carried out at the planned time. Shortly afterwards we discovered why. A big storm was blowing up. The sky was heavy and dark. The dust choked us.

The second explosion was carried out the next day at noon. It caused a much deeper kind of thunder and its smoke climbed up much slower and was extremely thick. This was much more like the American bomb in the picture I had seen.

I can't remember feeling any gust of wind; I think the bomb was detonated on the bottom of the lake.

This explosion caused considerable trouble among the Vitjusk battalion, twenty miles from us. The blast whipped some water from the lake into the air and some of it fell on their shelters and tents. The soldiers were very frightened.

Experts soon arrived to examine them. The men were told that they were not contaminated and had nothing to worry about. But hardly an hour later they were packed into trucks and driven off. Their camp was closed and the same day special technical units arrived there, collected all the uniforms and equipment of the battalion, the food and water in their dining tent, and locked everything up in metal boxes.

AFTER this accident, a sudden wave of fear swept over some of the soldiers. They whispered amongst themselves: "Perhaps even now the air is contaminated and we are all on the dead list." As a result of this, one morning a group of soldiers refused to eat. They said: "The food must be poisoned." They were immediately withdrawn from our battalion and taken somewhere by lorry.

A soldier named Khaskov went completely out of his mind with fear. He threw down his rifle and rushed from his post into an open field shouting: "We have all had it! We are poisoned!" His patrol caught him by a Gaz—a Soviet jeep—and he was taken to Olekminsk to stand before a military tribunal. He was sentenced to three years' hard labour for breaking a military order and for causing a disturbance among the soldiers.

During the next ten days there were five more arrests, followed by sentences of up to five years' imprisonment, for saying such things as, "No matter what they tell us, we are not a bit better than those imperialists. We do just the same," and: "Our country organized a world-wide propaganda campaign for those Japanese fishermen who had been infected on the Pacific, but what will happen to our comrades, who have become victims too?"

The secret informers of the party in our midst soon became very active. The slightest criticism or hesitation was followed by quick arrest. There then followed a period of unusual quiet throughout the camp. We had been warned by Major-General Saburov: "Because your present service is of major importance and the success of the experiments partly depends on your behaviour, we now warn you that the slightest opposition to military orders or rules will be taken as breaking the soldier's oath, or as rebellion, and the penalty will be death by shooting."

New and different experiments began. My company was sent to another test field. Again this happened without previous warning. We were told to load our equipment into lorries. There were about three dozen of them. Our tents were left behind.

This time, however, we were able to tell in which direction we were heading by the orbit of

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The deer in our family

by DONALD BUCKINGHAM

Ernest the red
deer has turned
his back on the
moors for a place
by our fireside



Local school children feed Ernest, who is the pet of everyone in Molland. Reared on a baby's bottle he now weighs fourteen stone

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



Donald Buckingham once refused £100 for his pet deer. Ernest is free to go back to the moor but prefers living at the village inn

ONE tranquil Sunday morning last summer my wife and I left Ernest, a red deer, at the seventeenth-century inn we occupy at Molland, on the edge of Exmoor, and went to the sea for the day. While we were gone, some of the village children let him out to play.

The red deer is the largest land living wild animal in this country. Ernest, a fully grown specimen eight years old, stands four feet high and weighs about fourteen stone. With a friendly nudge he bundled Stevie Parker, aged four, on to his back, then bounced down the road to the baker's garden, where he browsed a while on the runner beans.

When Mrs. Rose Blake and Mrs. Eva Fry came out of chapel, Ernest had wandered back to our flower garden and was sampling the more succulent of the buds. For a while he played hide-and-seek with the population until Will Dart, Molland's part-time taxi-man, managed to shut him up.

My wife Vera and I have not left Ernest since. Bringing up Ernest has had its worries. But, helped by most of the villagers, who have watched his progress with a good deal of speculation and curiosity since he was a fawn, we have enjoyed the experience.

When I first saw Ernest he was not more than two days old, and about the size of a large hare. Albert Hutchins, a farmer, had found him in one of his fields.

The young of the red deer on Exmoor sometimes sleep for up to twenty-four hours after

birth. When the fawns awaken they follow the herd and rejoin their mothers.

But I knew that once a fawn has been touched by man, its mother, and the herd, will reject it.

"Can I have him?" I said. Hutchins agreed.

It was a fine evening late in May. The lilies were beginning to show at Sheepwash Farm. I carried the fawn back to the inn and put him down on a rug. Vera looked at the small, white-flecked creature in amazement. "Whatever shall we do with it?" she said.

The most immediate aspect of that question was settled by a village elder who had dropped by for a pint. "A good tea would do the varmint no harm. I'll wager he's had nothing inside him this twelve-hour," he said.

Ernest sucked at a dish of milk then fell asleep by the kitchen stove. Next day I went to North Molton and bought a goat. Milk was expensive, and Ernest would need several pints a day. Vera purchased a baby's bottle.

We fed Ernest at eight in the morning, and eight at night, and gave him a midday bottle before our lunch. Milk feeding was to continue until he was more than six months old, when his menu changed to hay, turnips, potatoes and a little corn.

From a very early age, however, he has consumed a subsidiary diet which included mats, shoes, tuft buds, hydrangea blooms, potato crisps, sweets and chocolate.

Although he has been free at most times to return to the moors, Ernest never strays far from my heels. He likes to gambol along the

lanes and the old pack-horse tracks around Molland when I go walking. Once I hid behind a tree and called his name. With nose twitching and ears working he came straight to me.

The first crisis in Ernest's life left him apparently unmoved. Returning to the village with him one day, I saw a pack of staghounds outside the inn. I caught him in my arms and approached with caution. To my surprise, the hounds took no notice of Ernest, and Ernest took no notice of the hounds.

In dispute, Ernest held his own against Sally, our Alsatian bitch, standing at bay with lowered head, or flailing his slender but powerful front legs. When summer thunder rumbled over the moor we fancied a ghint of contempt in his eyes as Sally crawled, shivering, under the table.

Normally dogs never worry him. But when he was six months old a sheepdog ran barking from a farm as we approached and Ernest disappeared into the surrounding woods. I walked the two miles back to the village expecting to find him at the inn. He was not there. Had he wondered, tried to rejoin the herd?

That evening I went back to the woods and called his name. Ernest trotted from among the trees and followed me home.

Even at six months he was very fast. Once I accompanied him on a bicycle. I was going flat-out downhill when Ernest passed me with ease. He must have been doing thirty miles an hour. Another time he jumped a five-foot fence from a standstill for no apparent reason other

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There's more to enjoy



in Cadbury's Roses !





All Phwyllly watched the rivals start—the Englishman in a handsome windcheater, and Dai in his working clothes, scowling as we cheered

Mountain race

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD D. ROSE

**What a wild Welsh wooing! Gwenny even had her
suitors chasing each other half across Snowdonia**

THERE'S no denying it—the English are no match for the Welsh. Put a Welshman up against an Englishman, and the Welshman wins every time. Particularly if he's mountain Welsh, like my brother Dai.

Proof of that we have right here in Phwyllly. Very pretty proof in the shape of my sister-in-law Gwenny, who might be eating her heart out in Birmingham now, if it hadn't been for Dai.

You don't know Phwyllly? It's the finest village in Wales. A real show place—everybody who comes here sends a picture postcard home. All Phwyllly for fourpence—and that's about the size of us, just a scattering of cottages along the banks of our little Phwyll, the Phwyllly Arms by the bridge, and a view of Snowdon beyond.

A fancy place, the Phwyllly Arms, for a little village like ours—A.A. and R.A.C. and all that. That's chiefly because of the tourists, though a

lot of fishermen and climbers stay there, too. Climbers especially. The Phwyllly Arms is one of the most famous climbing pubs in the whole of Snowdonia.

August is our busiest month, and it was in August last year that Gwenny—Gwenny Edwards as she was then—first turned up here to take a job as waitress in the dining-room at the Arms.

To start with she came just to help out with the August rush. She told us later that she only did it for a lark. She was a city girl and the idea of a week or two up in the mountains appealed to her. She thought she'd be getting a holiday and earning a bit at the same time.

It didn't work out quite like that. She didn't get much of a holiday because there was so much to do. Then she found she liked Phwyllly so much that she decided to stay on. Mr and Mrs Griffiths, who run the Arms, were delighted. They always have staff trouble and Gwenny was

a treasure. The real reason, though, why she stayed on was my brother Dai. Almost from the moment he set eyes on her, Dai was stupid about Gwenny.

As trade slackened off at the Arms they started going about a lot together, and soon it looked like being a match. It seemed as certain as anything could be that Gwenny Edwards was going to be Mrs Dai Jones.

But there was still the Englishman to be reckoned with.

His name was Tom Robinson, and he was a nice enough fellow, apart from being English. He had a job in a motor-car factory in Birmingham and he drove one of the flashy little sports models he helped to make. He was a bit flashy himself, too—or at least he dressed very smartly. To be fair to him, though, he was a man. He was big and tough, and the reason he came to Phwyllly in the first place was to do some climbing.

The first time he came was in August, just after Gwenny arrived. He had his eye on her then all right, but she didn't take any particular notice of him. At that stage of things she'd just started to get starry-eyed about Dai.

But Mr Robinson was a dogged type. That first time he came he was with a party of climbers, but he was back on his own a couple of weeks later, for a long weekend. Didn't do any climbing. Just hung around the Phwyllly Arms all day long.

He was back the next weekend, and the next, too. He kept on coming all through the autumn. It didn't seem to be doing him any good—until

suddenly Gwenny seemed to become aware of him, and Dai began to take a back seat.

I remember Dai coming along to Megan and me moaning about it. "Changed, Gwenny has," he told us gloomily. "Not the same girl any more."

Of course we both told him that he was talking nonsense, but just the same it was true. The difference in Gwenny was plain for anybody to see.

The fact of the matter was, being a city girl she had begun to feel homesick for the bright lights, and Tom Robinson stood for the sort of life she knew. He was very good looking and very much in love with her and he must have aroused all sorts of doubts and longings in her. Gwenny told us afterwards that she got herself into a real muddle, until she just didn't know how she felt at all.

It was only too clear to us what the outcome of it all was going to be. As the days got greyer and colder, Gwenny looked more and more peaky. Her face lit up only when young Tom Robinson came to stay.

Then, one weekend, she went out in the little sports car for the first time. We were quite sure then that, before much longer, she would be off in it for good, and that would be the end of it. But we were wrong.

ONE bitter winter afternoon, young Robinson turned up yet again, with the party he'd been with the first time he came to Phwyly. They arrived on Thursday and were staying until Sunday. It was something they'd fixed up the previous August. A last climb of the year.

We were glad to see them, though, English or not. Anything that gives us a bit of change of interest is welcome in the dead time of the year.

They were out climbing most of Friday. The evening they spent in the bar at the Arms. Most of the village was there too.

It was a lively evening, the best we'd had since the summer. Gwenny was helping behind the bar, which was something she'd been doing since the dining-room trade got slack. Tom Robinson was there, of course, the life and soul of the party, but never far away from Gwenny. Dai was there, too, tucked away moodily in a corner.

Things got very lively indeed towards closing time. There'd been a lot of chaffing going on all the evening between us and the Englishmen, with us making fun of their ropes and fancy boots and saying that anybody in Phwyly could climb the legs off them any time.

Then, just before turning out, up came silly old Huw Hopkin with his challenge. "Let you just prove it, then!" he yelled. "Easy enough to see. A race of it, up to the tops and back your best man against ours. Soon see then!"

It was a bit silly as well as silly, because what Huw was doing, of course, was setting Dai up against Tom. It was unkind to Dai too, seeing how things were. But everybody was too full of beer just then to give a thought to that, and the idea was taken up with enthusiasm.

I could see Dai didn't like it, but he wasn't given a chance to refuse. It was all arranged there and then. The race was to be held next day. The course was set, a real climbing course. Everybody went home thinking it would be a fine bit of fun.

It looked different in the morning. By then quite a few of us in Phwyly were feeling uneasy about making sport of the rivalry between the two lads. But it was too late to do anything about it.

It was a dull, cold day. The start was to be at ten o'clock, from outside the Arms. It was going to take them about three hours to get round the course, and we were trusting them to keep to it, since they'd be out of sight from the village most of the time.

The whole of Phwyly turned out to see them go. The English boys gave Tom a cheer when he came out from the Arms, looking very tough and handsome in a bright red windcheater. Then Dai shambled up in his old working clothes, the ones

he usually wore on the mountain. When we gave him a cheer, he scowled at us.

Then they were off. We watched them go away down the road, Tom striding in front and Dai trailing behind. After a hundred yards they had to turn up the path behind the post office and we lost sight of them for a time.

We hung around. Mr Griffiths had a pair of binoculars, the only ones in the village, and about twenty minutes later he picked up somebody moving on the bare slope of Llyn Gorod.

It's Dai! he exclaimed. "Well ahead! The other's not up to Llyn Bottom yet."

It was ten minutes more before Tom Robinson's red windcheater showed on the slope. By then Dai had disappeared higher up.

The next time Mr Griffiths spotted movement, it was on the vertical face high above Llyn Gorod. And it was Dai again.

Huw Hopkin danced in the road with glee. "What did I tell you, then?" he shouted. "Miles in front, our Dai. Be back down and eating his dinner before the other chap's even got up top."

Megan was there on my arm. "Silly old fool," she said. "Why doesn't he shut up? It's all his fault."

I agreed with her. I was worried about Dai. I am his brother, and I know him better than most. I knew what sort of frame of mind he was in. I knew he was feeling furious about the nonsense he'd got himself mixed up in, and was going to have done with it as soon as possible. I only hoped he wouldn't be too reckless. At the speed he was moving, he must be taking risks. We didn't want an accident on top of everything else.

A long while later Tom Robinson disappeared over the top of the Face, and we knew that neither of them would come into sight again until they topped Phwyly Edge.

We all went into the Arms for a drink to pass the time. We were out again by twelve. It was a quarter past when somebody shouted: "Look there!"

Somebody was coming down over the Edge. It was Tom Robinson. No doubt of that, because of his red jacket. And he was coming down hell-for-leather. There was an urgency about the way he was moving that was more than just a desire to win a race. And suddenly we all knew that something had happened to Dai.

WIK ran to meet Tom, and as soon as he got to us he gasped out his story. Dai was stuck on a ledge on Phwyly Face. Lost his nerve. Wouldn't move. Tom had had to come for help.

Somebody else gasped. It was Gwenny. Then old Dick Pritchard was yelling that we'd have to turn out the Mountain Rescue. A quarter of an hour later the four of us in the team were off up the mountain with ropes and the roll up stretcher and all the usual gear.

It was a bad place, that ledge, no more than a foot or so wide, with a sheer drop of a couple of hundred feet under it to a lot of nasty rocks. Obviously Dai, silly fool, had been making a traverse across the Face as a short cut when he got stuck, and it was only by a lucky chance that Tom saw him from the easier way round over the top.

I was worried to death on our way up. But I was puzzled too. In spite of what Tom had told us, I didn't believe Dai could really have lost his nerve. As far as heights were concerned, he hadn't any nerve to lose.

We went on up as fast as we could. There was an icy wind, and after a while it came on to rain. It was horrible up on the mountain that day.

Then, as we went round a shoulder of rock, we met Dai coming round it the other way. Dick Pritchard was so taken aback that he dropped the stretcher.

"Well," Dai said, "and what are you fellows doing up here? Somebody in trouble?"

Poor Dick choked. "Come up for you, we have, Dai Jones," he stammered.

"Me?" Dai had a wicked look in his eye, a



Tests prove what drugs you are resistant to, and to what group your blood belongs

by DR. BRIAN ANSON

Doctors are learning

the secrets of your

blood. In it lies the

key to good health

look I knew well. "And why would the Mountain Rescue come up for me?"

Tom Robinson said you were stuck up Phwyly Face," Dick said.

"Stuck?" Dai said. "Don't be daft, man. I was just sitting down and taking a breather, that's all."

Dick stared at Dai. Then he shook his head and, without another word, turned and started down the path again. The rest of us followed, and Dai brought up the rear. In disgrace now, he was, for not wanting the help of the Mountain Rescue.

We were half way down when Dick stopped. It was always a sore point with him that, in the three years that he'd been the leader of the Mountain Rescue, nobody had wanted rescuing. He looked at Dai, and then at the stretcher he'd been carrying. Then, as Dai came up, he unrolled the stretcher and nodded it for carrying.

"Silly, we look, coming back like this," Dick

The gallion that keeps you going

IN any case of septicaemia—blood poisoning—the immediate question is: What drug can I rely on to kill this germ and cure the patient? There was a time when penicillin could always safely be used, but many germs have now grown resistant to this and other drugs. So an answer has to be found to suit the individual case. A blood test will provide it.

A syringe of blood, taken from a vein in the patient's arm, is mixed with broth and incubated. This allows the germs to multiply. A drop of the mixture is spread on each of, perhaps, eight slabs of jelly with which eight different antibiotics have been mixed.

A few hours later growth is easily seen on the slabs to which the germ is resistant, no growth on the slab with the antibiotic suitable for curing the patient. Treatment can then start at once with full assurance of a cure.

This is a simple form of test, and there are many others now in everyday use. One helps to diagnose jaundice. Another reveals the size of the red cells in the patient's blood—which varies in different kinds of anaemia. There is a test for specific gravity which, in diseases such as cholera, shows the loss of fluid from the body, and another which counts the number of platelets—the tiny cells which help the blood to clot.

The viscosity of the blood, important in heart disease, and the alkalinity, important in malnutrition and other complaints, can also be measured rapidly in the most modern laboratory tests. In emergencies, tests are often invaluable.

A young woman was taken to hospital by ambulance, having been found unconscious on the pavement. She was in a deep coma and her breath smelled of alcohol. Was she drunk, or ill?

"There was a crowd by the time I got there," said the ambulance man, "and I shouldn't wonder if someone had been pouring brandy in her mouth." This popular treatment accounts for many people being mistaken for alcoholics, but doctors and ambulance men are not so easily deceived.

The woman had been unconscious too long for a fit, and there were no signs of head injury

or of a stroke. Was it alcohol? Diabetic coma? An overdose of insulin or kidney trouble with uraemia?

Off to the laboratory went a specimen of blood to be tested for sugar, for urea, for alcohol. The woman's blood was found to be loaded with sugar. She was diabetic, but had done nothing about it. Insulin restored her to consciousness, and to a quiet talk on the dangers of not getting treatment when feeling ill.

In atomic establishments, all those who risk contact with radiation give one drop of blood every few months, and it is stained and microscopied to see how many white cells are circulating in the bloodstream. A fall in the number is the most sensitive known test of radiation damage, and the worker is removed from the job and full investigation made in good time.

Disputes sometimes arise in the courts about the paternity of a baby, and blood tests are often demanded, based on the known fact that a baby inherits its blood group from one or other of its parents. If the baby is group B and the mother is group O, a man who is group A cannot be the father.

The value of this test is obviously limited, but in recent years other systems of grouping have been evolved. There is the now well-known Rhesus group, in which if father and mother are incompatible the baby may suffer severe jaundice at birth, and there are also groups known as the Lutheran, the Kell, the Lewis, the Duffy, the Kidd and MNS.

Work on these groups is still going on, but it should eventually be possible to classify blood as, say, "A, Rh+, M, Lea, K, Fya, Jkb." The number of such combinations is enormous and combinations in a child correlating with those of father and mother would establish paternity with a very high degree of probability.

The quality of blood is also important. A middle-aged man was admitted to hospital with a coronary thrombosis: the blood in his heart artery had clotted. He was in severe pain, his breathing difficult. Morphine and oxygen relieved his distress, then treatment was started with the drug heparin to prevent the clot spreading.

In such cases it is necessary to check the

course of the treatment every few hours by testing the clotting time of the patient's blood. In normal people the clotting time is six to ten minutes. If the patient's blood can be made to take longer to clot, he will have a better chance.

A finger is pricked and drops of blood are run up into a number of capillary tubes, which are sealed and kept at blood heat. At timed intervals a tube is taken and the blood blown out of it. As soon as it clots the blood cannot be expelled, and the time this takes to happen is the clotting time.

President Eisenhower, who had an attack of coronary thrombosis last year, has been taking anti-clotting drugs ever since, to ward off another attack. But this, of course, means that if he bleeds, his blood will not clot readily.

So when he had to have a tooth out, his drugs were stopped until the test showed that his clotting time was normal. The tooth was removed, and when any danger of haemorrhage was passed the drugs were started again, the dose being continually checked by the clotting time test.

In many illnesses, arthritis and tuberculosis, for example, the patient's blood is not quite as thick as it should be.

If a little blood is mixed with citrate to stop it clotting, and then placed in a narrow upright tube, the cells gradually fall down the tube, leaving a clear fluid above. The thinner the blood, the quicker they fall, and the rate of fall, known as the blood sedimentation rate, can be a useful guide to the patient's recovery.

In the last few years haematologists have gone a step beyond examining the blood alone. All blood cells are formed from parent cells in the marrow of the bones, and it is the damage to this marrow which causes serious forms of anaemia resulting from radiation or poisoning by various drugs.

A small sample of cells from the marrow can be obtained by puncturing the breast bone with a hollow needle, like a miniature cheese tester. The specimen is placed on a glass slide and stained. Under the microscope it shows just where the blood formation is going wrong in such diverse conditions as tumours of the bone, malaria or sleeping sickness. THE END

said. He glared at Dai. "Get on there, damn you, before I put you on it."

Dai grinned at Dick. He tried to make it cheerful, but it wasn't a success. He'd been up there in the rain and cold a long time and he was shivering. He meekly got on the stretcher and lay down.

We did it properly. We wrapped him in blankets. We gave him a shot of the brandy and finished up the rest of it ourselves, Dick saying that we needed it, seeing how things had turned out. Then we picked up the stretcher and carried Dai down the mountain.

There was a crowd waiting for us. Some of them began to run up towards us as soon as they saw us.

Gweny got to us first. She fell down on her knees beside the stretcher, all in the rain and wind and everything, and the way she carried on over Dai was quite embarrassing. . . .

That was the end of Tom Robinson. Though

he did come back for the wedding. He didn't bear Dai any ill will. He was an Englishman, so he had to be a good loser.

And of course we never let on about what had happened up there on the mountain. As Dick had said, we'd have looked too silly. Best to leave it alone anyway, seeing how things had turned out.

Dai told me his side of it a good while later. As I'd suspected, he started off the race in a furious temper. Then, half way across Phwyll Face, when he'd worked off his temper, he decided he wasn't going to have any more to do with it. He just sat down and felt sorry for him self.

He got a real black mood on him—and Dai's moods can be black, for he's not only Welsh, but mountain Welsh at that. When Tom turned up, Dai wouldn't speak to him, wouldn't move. He just let him go tearing off for help. He knew what a fuss and commotion there would be in

the village, but he didn't care. Let them worry. Let her worry.

That was the hub of it, of course. Let her worry. And it worked.

Unkind? Deceitful? Well—just Welsh. Dai was sure he was the right man for Gweny, and he took the only way he could to make her see it. And it's certainly worked out extremely well. Gweny couldn't be happier than she is now with Dai.

She wasn't deceived anyway, or not for long. Soon after she and Dai were married, she told Megan: "Silly, not to tell me what he was going to do. I'd have packed him a vacuum flask and some sandwiches."

That's not quite fair, because Dai didn't do it deliberately. But it's somewhere near the mark. After all, Gweny is Welsh herself, even if she does come from Cardiff. THE END

© John Davies, 1958

The operation called for the precision of a surgeon, but the forester had to use the only scalpel he knew



Man of the Axe

by PATRICK WINN

ILLUSTRATED BY TWINS

It was many years since Steve McEvoy had swung a blade, either in the teams or at log-chopping contests. He had to give it up when the doctor told him that the pain in his chest was not indigestion, and Steve had seen too many men go down with axeman's heart not to heed the warning.

Among the camps and in the spot mills, wherever timber men gathered, sooner or later old Steve's name would crop up. Australian karri and jarrah and wandoo woods are hard and tough, and tough men are bred to handle them. Steve had not only been tough. With an axe in his hands he was an artist. The flashing blade was not merely a tool. It was an extension of himself, like an extra limb. It wasn't just three and a half pounds of tempered steel, but a precision instrument wielded with the delicacy of a surgeon's scalpel.

Tales were told about his skill and accuracy. He had been known to lay a match on a log, swing in a full stroke, and split the match down the centre, then, without breaking the rhythm of the strokes, split each sliver into halves again.

Out of practice, stiffening up with age, it might still have been possible for him to do a trick like that. But perhaps he should never have taken the risk with young Stan. A child's limbs make too high a stake.

Steve lived with his married daughter, filling in his time pottering about the place, gardening, repairing a fence or two—doing any odd jobs that presented themselves on the slowly developing farm.

The only time he handled an axe now was on the kitchen wood heap, although his own blades were still carefully stored in the veranda room where he slept, their hickory handles regularly oiled and the steel honed to razor keenness.

That was purely habit. If he had any longings for the slip of the smooth haft through his hard palms or the ringing bite of the steel into living timber, he never gave any sign.

He was perfectly happy with what he had got from life, and, although he was too tough a character to make any demonstration over it, he liked his son-in-law, Jim Blake, he loved his daughter Betty, and he adored his grandson, Stan.

Jim Blake's land was in the dairy country on the fringe of the timber-belt. After years of battling, he was beginning to show cleared land under pasture in place of the virgin bush he had taken up. It was promising country, with some good flats along the Nullagup River, which formed one boundary. The house he and Betty had built was close to the old bridge which the Roads Board had put up years before.

The bridge was still usable, although the years were beginning to tell on it. Old Steve eyed it with suspicion from the start. "It'll go one of these days," he growled.

Jim Blake laughed in his easy-going way. "She'll probably see us both out, Pop. Anyway, I'll get

my money's worth out of it before it does go. It saves me over two miles each way when I take the muck in to the depot. Four trips a week saves over eight hundred miles a year. Work that out in petrol, and...

Steve snorted, but let it go. He had a great respect for Jim's figuring, and he was always being surprised, these days, at the important part arithmetic seemed to play in farming. Still, he didn't like that bridge. Timber gets old, like anything else.

It was quite likely that the bridge would have been good for many years, too, if it had not been for the floods which swept down that season. Usually the rains came steadily, allowing the river bed, only a trickle in summer, to fill up and flow smoothly westward to the estuary.

It was not normally a swift running river. But this year the summer had been unusually long and dry, so that the river was only a series of muddy pools. The fifteen-foot legs of the old bridge stood gaunt and baked grey in the heat, like skeleton-bones, and the rusty spikes that held the bedlogs rattled loose in their holes.

When the rain did come, it was heavier than anybody could remember. Within three days the scummy pools changed to a mighty, swift-running torrent that roared steadily down, twelve feet deep and still rising.

Even Jim now seemed doubtful about the bridge under such conditions. "Reckon this might be the last trip I'll use it for a few months, Pop," he shouted, as Steve helped him swing the full milk drums into the back of the utility. The roar of the rain on the iron roof almost drowned his voice. "She'll be running a banker by tomorrow."

Steve grunted as he swung the last drum. "Why don't you give it a muck today, and go round the main road?" he yelled back.

Jim shook his head. "Don't want to drive any farther than I need, in this. Both roads are like rivers."

KNOWING it was no use arguing, Steve watched Jim start the engine and pull out. He waited in the doorway of the milkshed until he saw the utility bump over the uneven deck boards of the bridge. Then he pulled his oilskin higher round his ears and ducked back to the house.

Betty was looking worried. The noise of the rain was muffled a little by the ceiling, but it was still loud enough to be nerve-straining. "I wish he was back, Pop," she said. "The road will be bad."

Steve had left his oilskins and gumboots on the veranda and was wiping his face and neck on a towel. "He'll be all right," he said, reassuring her. *No use both of us worrying*, he thought. But he noticed that she still looked uneasy. He turned to young Stan, busy with breakfast, and said: "Anybody would think

Old Steve poised the axe "It's the only way," he said "One blow " Betty's voice came high and frightened: "Oh, God, no!"

that dad of yours couldn't look after himself, wouldn't they, shaver?"

Stan grinned up at him. His dad, of course, like Pop, could do anything.

"Can I go and see the river later on, Mum?" he asked eagerly.

Betty was about to say no, but she pulled herself up. Bush-bred herself, she made it a rule not to coddle the boy.

"What are you going to do, Pop?" she asked.

Steve sat down to breakfast. "I'll have a look at the milker engine. Seemed to be missing a bit this morning. Valve sticking." He looked enquiringly at his daughter, waiting for her nod of permission before adding: "You'd better come with me, young 'un. Be out of your mum's way."

"Take your shoes off, Stan," Betty said. She knew that half the fun would consist of splashing barefoot through the mud and water; and, anyway, wet bare feet were healthier than wet shod ones.

The boy dashed off. He was wasting in his oldskins long before Steve finished eating, and was hopping about impatiently. Betty watched them go out together, the youngster gleefully reveling in the swish of the water on his bare feet but at the same time trying to match his grandfather's steadier gait. They were two men with work to do, and rain wasn't going to stop them. She smiled after them and glanced at the clock. Another hour before Jim would be back. From the window she could see the beginning of the bridge, half obscured by the rain.

At the shed, while Steve worked on the engine, Stan watched and asked questions, enjoying the fun of having to yell every word against the drumming on the roof. When the engine was started up, he found that even its familiar pull-pull-pull was almost drowned out, which made it all still more exciting.

Steve listened to the engine's beat until he was satisfied with it. By then it was time to go over the bridge and open the boundary gate for Jim, as usual. They plunged out into the downpour again, Stan skipping with eagerness to see the river.

At first Steve thought it was the curtain of rain that made the bridge look distorted. They were on it before he realized that it was actually out of line. It seemed twisted into a slight bow in the middle. He bent to catch the boy's arm, but Stan, his eyes on the rushing water, was ahead, running across.

"Come back here," Steve yelled, waving frantically. The boy turned to obey, but just then the far end of the bridge gave a queer tilt at one side and, as they both watched, ten feet of it crumpled and slid away silently into the current.

Steve began to run over, but the boy was already coming back to him, walking sideways with his eyes fixed fascinatedly on the ragged break at the other end. Steve wanted to look too, but he was too concerned with the strange twisting motion of the remaining part on which they stood. He could feel the strain and movement of the decking under his feet. He caught hold of the boy, but Stan suddenly cried out and stumbled. They fell together, but as Steve scrambled stiffly up the boy lay there, his face white and pain-twisted.

"My foot, Pop!" he gasped, trying not to cry. "It—it's stuck!"

Steve saw it then. The decking had sprung and two planks, crossed scissor-wise, held the boy's ankle in a vice against the joist beneath.

Steve dropped to his knees and every ounce of strength in his work-toughened hands and wrists and arms fought to strain the timbers apart. He could make no impression on them. He continued to struggle with them, his breath catching in his throat as he sensed rather than saw the infinitesimal tightening round the trapped ankle.

Desperately, he looked round for something to

IN SHORT

Wisdom

I am not afraid of dogs—
But when they wait
Beside the gate
And stand up if I hesitate,
Without employing tail . . .
I know I fail
To please—
And feel a slight unease.

I am not afraid of dogs—
But when they prowl
And seem to scowl
And put their back hairs up
and growl . . .
I think it means mistrust—
And then I must
Confess
A certain nervousness.

I am not afraid of dogs—
But when they snap
And try to trap
My fingers in that horrid gap
Beneath their hungry eyes . . .
I think it wise
To beat
A dignified retreat.

HELEN MORGAN



thrust into the crack to stop its further closing, but there was nothing. He thought of thrusting his boot heel in, then remembered that he was wearing rubber boots which would be no use at all.

He was still wrestling with his bare hands when Betty, perhaps by sheer chance or perhaps warned by some mother instinct, looked out of the kitchen window and saw them. She was too far away to see what was happening, but she knew it was something bad. She ran out into the rain and down to the bridge.

"Stan! Pop! What is it?" she called as she ran.

Steve looked up and saw her. Trembling with relief he shouted and waved her back off the bridge. From where she was she could only guess at what was happening, but she stopped.

"Get a piece of timber—firewood, or a block—anything," Steve panted. "And a crowbar," he added as she turned to go.

There was no need to tell her to hurry. She was only away for seconds, and in that time Steve was almost certain that the gap had not tightened any more. He patted Stan's wet cheek, his rough hands shaking.

"It'll be all right now, lad," he said soothingly. "You'll soon be right." And he knew that he was lying, because, even though he had asked for the crowbar, he knew there was no way of getting leverage, nothing on which to get a purchase.

Betty came running back, struggling with the

heavy bar and several pieces of wood. She only half heard Steve's warning about stepping carefully as she joined them on the bridge, which was shuddering throughout its entire length. Her soaked dress clung to her body, making her look very young and girlish, and she had to push wet strands of streaming hair out of her eyes before she could see what was going on.

Steve snatched the blocks and jammed them into the opening, but, when he took the bar, he found that he had been right. In the only place where he could use it, the combined strength of ten men would have been insufficient.

He gave it all he had, then let it drop. He looked at Betty, holding the boy's head against her wet body and trying, foolishly, to wipe the rain off his white face.

Stan looked up at her, wide-eyed and shaking. "It'll be all right, Mum," he said. "Pop will get me out."

Steve straightened up. His trembling had stopped and he felt numbly calm. He knew what he had to do.

Betty looked up at him haggardly. "She looked up at him haggardly. Betty, go back to the house and get my axe. The Kelly, not the Plumb."

She hesitated for only a second, until he muttered quietly: "Hurry. There—mightn't be much time."

He took the axe from her when she came back. It felt familiar and comforting. He slipped the

Other People's Letters

I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday tomorrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see if I were to sit by you at breakfast and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like that would you? You would say "Boo! Hoo! Here's Mr Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! Hoo! Here's Mr Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!"

And how it will puzzle Dr Maund when he is sent for to see you! "My dear madam, I am very sorry to say your little girl has got no health at all! I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it" your mother will say "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday and then for her to drink his health!"

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you will like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense.

Who wrote this letter? See four of last column

Wet Day

You thought it would be hot today, didn't you, Daddy?

Yes.

Because the weather forecast said so?

Yes.

Granny said it would rain, didn't she?

She was just guessing.

Do the weather forecast people guess?

Of course not. They're scientists.

How do they know what it will be like all over the country?

They've got experts in every area.

It's a pity they haven't got Granny, isn't it? I said it's a pity they haven't got—

I heard you. Stay under the umbrella.

Isn't it a good job Granny made us take it? Yes.

Granny said it would rain, didn't she?

Why don't you shut up for a minute? Watch out for the bus.

Do you think we'll get on it?

I hope so.

The rain's not doing your suede shoes much good, is it?

No. So it would be better if we got on the bus instead of walking. And Granny said I shouldn't wear these shoes.

That's what I was going to say. Did you know that's what I was going to say, Daddy?

Yes. Here's the bus.

Gosh, isn't it full! We'll never get on it. Do you think we should wait half an hour for the next or start walking? I said—

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Foreign Affairs

Lawrence Lopez of Coventry, Rhode Island, escaped injury when his car collided with another vehicle, then hit a tree. Lopez stepped from the wreck—and fell down a four-foot embankment, receiving cuts and bruises.

Hamburg police chief Carl Breuer held an audience enthralled with a lecture entitled "Preventive Measures to protect against burglary." When he got home he found that burglars had broken in and stolen two hundred marks (about £17).

French motor-cars being exported to Australia have a label tied to them for the benefit of dockers. In English, it says: "I am young and beautiful. Please be kind."

What Do You Think?

What would be your ideal [cricket] eleven . . . ? Here is mine

Two recognized opening batsmen of whom one at least should be a left-hander.

Three other batsmen of whom one at least should be a left-hander.

Starke's Guide To The Happy Home



"Systematic household accountancy prevents the mysterious melting away of cash, especially that five pounds which you had only yesterday!"

one all-rounder

one wicket keeper who is also a good bat,

one fast bowler to open with the wind,

one fast or medium pace bowler to open into the wind,

one right hand off spinner,

one left hand orthodox first-finger spinner

Sir Donald Bradman in *The Art Of Cricket*, to be published next week by Hodder and Stoughton.

Long Time No M.D.

In doctors' waiting-rooms one waits

For such a lengthy spell

That there is time to read, to write

To get a drink, to eat a bite,

To talk to others of one's plight.

To take a nap, to think of fight,

And maybe to get well.

RICHARD ARMOUR

The letter in column three was written by Lewis Carroll (the Rev. Charles Dodgson) in 1875.

leather mask off the gleaming head, disclosing its wicked keenness

The boy's white face looked from one to the other. "What're you going to do, Pop?"

Steve swallowed "I've got to get you out, young 'un Betty girl—any moment the whole lot will go." He jerked his head towards the racing water "We wouldn't stand a chance in that, with all this timber crashing round us."

The rain poured down her face but did not even make her blink. He prayed she would look away so that he could not see the cold horror in her eyes

"No!" she gasped

Steve felt sick. He watched the boy's fingers bite into his mother's arm tensely

"It's the only way," he said "One blow . . ." He was looking at the timbers keenly, appraisingly forcing himself to forget everything else "It's an awkward stroke—sort of diagonal cut—but if I strike close. . ."

Betty's agonized eyes followed his. She saw that the gap through which the blow would have to fall was less than half an inch wider than the axe head. Below that, the razor edge would have to bite into the joist a bare sixteenth of an inch away from the muddled ankle. If the blow glanced on the wet wood, if it were a hairs-breadth out . . .

"Oh God, no!" Betty's voice was high and frightened

Steve took hold of her shoulder and shook it "Look, it's almost like splitting a match." He

spoke hoarsely "You've seen me split a match, haven't you?"

"Years ago, before—before . . ." She choked on a sob "The last time I saw you try, you missed"

Steve lowered the axe. He had not wanted to be reminded of that

"Pop—try the bar again, first," she pleaded

STEVE laid the axe down almost eagerly and picked up the bar. Desperately, he threw every ounce of the strength of his arms and back and thighs into the strain, until he felt the muscles and sinews reach cracking point. And there was no movement

He was panting when he gave it up, and the bar slipped and jammed his fingers against the rail, tearing skin and flesh. He did not know he had done it until later

Betty pressed the boy closer to her. He was shaking with the sobs he was trying to smother. Steve turned and picked up the axe deliberately "Betty. . ." he said

She could not look at him

Betty, stand on this side. Strain him over towards you as much as you can. Stan, boy—lean hard on Mum, and keep still. Not a move. And . . . don't look, either of you"

For what seemed an age he scuffed his feet to a firm standing on the wet decking, until his whole body was poised and balanced. His eye measured the narrow slit. Betty pressed the boy's

face against her neck, but she herself was incapable of tearing her eyes away from the spot where the blow would fall

Steve took a deep breath, striving to recapture the old sense of perfect co-ordination between eyes, body and gleaming blade. Then the axe swung up and flashed down in the awkward curving stroke, swift and vicious as a snake

Betty's throat wanted to scream but seemed locked in an eternity of silence when she saw the sudden splash of blood spreading on the wet deck. Stan had jerked convulsively, and it was his cry that ripped into the rain-filled silence. She held him as he slid sideways, free

Steve was crouching down, white and sick, unable to move, unable to tell them that the splash of blood was from his own torn hand. He thrust it towards them in mute explanation, and then Betty saw the great curved chunk the stroke had carved from the four-inch jarnah joist. In hard, seasoned wood it was an incredible stroke

The big joist had bruised the boy's leg badly as it parted under the axe, taking off a little skin, but that was all

Steve's shoulders were sagging tiredly. He looked at the axe in his hand and then at young Stan hobbling on his bruised foot. He dropped the axe and picked the boy up

"Come on, young 'un," he said gruffly "Let's go inside. Your dad'll have to come the long way round."

THE END

I guarded Russia's secret rockets

Continued from page 12

the sun. Our camp had been south-west of the lake and now the lorries were heading south-east. According to the positions of stars we had spotted when leaving the camp, this direction was not changed during our ten-hour journey.

When we arrived at our destination the next morning we estimated that we had travelled three hundred miles. The weather was slowly getting colder, and we were glad to find that we had brick shelters to live in. These had been built in a small valley, protected from the sharp north winds by nearby cliffs. We were supplied with warm clothes.

Although we did not realize it at the time we had arrived at the spot in Eastern Siberia which is one of the two areas in the Soviet Union where I know that missile and rocket tests have been carried out. The other area lies fifty to eighty miles north of the Arctic Circle, near Ust Zylna. It has been prepared for launching long-range ballistic missiles and rockets for studying the higher atmosphere.

In Eastern Siberia I saw ten launchings of rockets named Slava, or Glory. They made their take-offs from three launching sites which were half a mile apart. Each rocket was transported to its site in two sections and assembled on the spot. It had been built in workshops six or seven miles away.

We were never friendly with the state security men, but those around the rocket sites were extremely rude. I remember when one of my comrades walked close to the wire and a security policeman lifted a sub-machine gun pointed it at him and shouted "Move off!"

"Don't get excited," my comrade replied. "I won't take one of your rockets."

But the guard merely said, "Clear off, or I'll fire," and obviously meant it.

I found that the place was much better defended than any of the other military sites I have seen. Radar equipment on the top of the cliffs operated night and day. I learned that a large number of watch stations had been set up in the surrounding mountains. They occupied all the key positions, preventing any uninvited visitors from watching the test zone. Helicopters too searched for intruders.

There were two types of Slava rocket we saw. Both had diameters of six to eight feet and were forty-five to fifty feet long but their construction and shape were different. One type had four shark-fin shaped wings, and below these were three rings, each about one foot wide, apparently made of copper. The body of the other type was plain, like a huge rifle barrel.

Both types were fired at four-day intervals. Fuel was piped into them from two sixteen-wheel tankers located in a semi-covered concrete shelter about five hundred yards away.

All these rockets gave trouble. Two of them, after they were ready for firing, had to be taken away and then brought back.

The fourth or fifth rocket to be launched must have been very important because the previous afternoon a lot of officials arrived by plane at a temporary airfield nearby. Among them were officers, scientists and members of the central committee of the party. Also, I saw a high-ranking technical officer many times around the launching sites. He was Major-General Trtsakov. His name was signed on several technical orders and instructions.

The rocket was ready for take-off after almost a week of preparation at the launching site. It was similar to the plain-bodied Slava, but must have been about ten feet taller.

It was about 5 p.m. when the launching was carried out. The rocket left the ground with a spurt of fire and started to climb up gently, covering the place with heavy smoke and dust. But, after reaching fifteen or twenty



feet, it fell back vertically and exploded. I saw its tall unit rise up again with a terrific speed, still on fire, and crash almost two miles away.

After this failure our officers seemed very depressed. The launching site of this particular rocket was destroyed by the explosion and the fire which followed. It was not reconstructed while I was on the scene.

There was a series of failures with the Slavas. One rocket, for example, turned back after fifteen seconds of flight. It hit the ground seventeen miles away and was completely destroyed. We were able to watch three rockets reach a very high altitude where each was automatically destroyed after launching a five-foot long metal cylinder with a two-foot diameter sphere at its tip.

We found two of the three cylinders twenty-three miles away after two days' search. One of them had been damaged when parachuting down on to some rocks.

This was the first occasion on which we noticed that the spheres attached to the cylinders must have been carrying living animals up into space. Among the wreckage was a mass of grey hair mixed with dried blood. I couldn't tell whether it had been a dog or some other creature.

The second cylinder was intact. We found it three hours later, and before the helicopter arrived tried to determine whether anything living was in the sphere, but there was not a sound. The third cylinder, plus sphere, had disappeared without trace. Its parachute had failed to open after leaving the rocket.

As far as I could see, only three Slava rockets were a success.

In addition missile tests for military purposes took place constantly. The smallest missiles I saw were between four and ten feet in length and were fired from heavy trucks or tanks. The type known as (S) were fired against moving targets and were like small jet planes without a cockpit.

One of them hit a heavy T52 type tank, travelling at twenty-five miles per hour, from a distance of five miles.

I was in a watch-shelter on the top of a nearby hill and had a very good view of what happened. The tank was on its way across some open fields, while the truck from which the missile was fired stood in a small open space among the cliffs.

The missile went up at an angle of forty-five degrees, but once it was over the fields it began to fly horizontally. As it approached the tank it changed its direction and sloped straight for its target. I think this missile had been guided by a two-engined plane circling above the area. All I can say is that it was a perfect shot. The heaviest tank I had ever seen was almost entirely destroyed.

The guided missile called Znamya, or

Flag, was at least twenty-five feet long with a diameter of two feet. This type carried two small rockets on both sides. The Znamya had been designed to strike against aircraft. The two small rockets were fired automatically after the main missile had got within four hundred yards of the target.

I saw five or six experiments with these missiles. All were firing against heavy aircraft. On one occasion I noted that after the two small rockets had destroyed a plane, the Znamya made a soft turning and speeded against a second plane approaching two to three miles away. The missile roared for its new target and exploded under the plane's left wing.

There were Znamyas which exploded near the target without actually crashing into it—and others which exploded while they were still on the launching track.

The most interesting test I ever saw was a cat-and-mouse game between a Znamya and a tiny training plane which had a top speed of 140 miles per hour. I wondered whether the plane was radio-controlled or whether operated by a pilot. If the latter was the case, it was a daring and brilliant piece of work.

Three or four times the missile was almost right up to the plane, which seemed to have no escape. Then the plane suddenly dived and the missile was completely foxed.

Obviously, such missiles were useless against small, slow and easily manoeuvrable targets.

During the tests in late October, one of the Znamyas, probably out of control, crashed on the car park of the supply unit of the 2nd Vitjusk battalion. More than twenty lorries and armoured cars were wrecked in the explosion and subsequent fire.

Eight men died and four were badly wounded. Among the dead were technicians who were working on some engines, three soldiers on duty guarding the car park, and a technical officer, Lieutenant Kolanov.

The disaster was made all the worse because of the highly inflammable materials stored there—oil and petrol barrels, as well as ammunition in the armoured patrol cars.

Later, one of the wounded told us how it had happened. As we drove him to the camp hospital at the temporary airfield he remained conscious the whole time, although badly burned and in great pain. I forgot his first name but his second name was Sasa.

He gave us this dramatic story of the disaster. "I was sitting on a stump of tree with my back to the sentry box near the car park. I was on duty watching a narrow footpath along the valley. The time was early afternoon and I was just going to light a cigarette when I heard a sudden and sharp roar. I had no time even to think about it when a flash illuminated the

sky, followed by a terrific explosion which echoed and re-echoed through the brush-covered hills.

"I saw Lieutenant Kolanov brace himself heavily against the rear fender of an armoured car. He groaned, then slumped to the ground and lay there motionless.

"Seconds later, hell-fire covered the place. Petrol barrels exploded one by one. The explosion had pushed me into a deep chamber of the rock. Then something hit me on the head and everything went dark.

"I woke up with acrid smoke stinging into my lungs. As far as I was able to see, the whole area was on fire. Streams of blazing petrol and oil poured down the cliffs. Waves of dense smoke rolled into the chamber blocking out the sunshine.

"I knew that a few minutes longer inside the chamber meant certain death. I would be trapped in a ready-made grave. Even as I tried to stumble out through the smoke I heard another explosion quite close. A tongue of flame licked at my flesh.

"I fell back from the heat, dropping to the ground, and tried to crawl towards the opening on my hands and knees but a blast of heat drove me back again. I thought my end had come when I suddenly discovered an alternative exit from the chamber. It was very narrow, but I managed to squeeze out through it and drop twelve feet to the ground. The noise of the blazing trees and brush grew louder as I ran farther down the valley.

"I saw a young soldier, motionless on his back. Only a few fibres of his uniform remained.

"Finally I reached the hut where soldiers helped me to the medical officer, Major Safonov. There were five or six dead or wounded. Near me a sergeant lay on a white sheet. He was dead. Another man was suffering from third-degree burns. A nurse was in charge of him because of his repeated attempts to cover the burns with snow.

It was not until later that night that the blaze was brought under control.

The lorries and armoured cars now stood one on top of each other, charred metal skeletons under the moonlight, crowned by dark plumes of wind-swept smoke.

This accident was never explained officially, not even to the battalion whose soldiers were hit by the explosion. There was a modest military funeral for the dead.

"They gave their bodies for the Soviet people for our great Bolshevik Party," the commander said. But at the end of his speech he reminded us. "There were twelve million Russians who gave their lives for the fatherland during the second World War."

During the following days, when we attended the usual political lectures, we noted that there was an extra number of examples of the West's failures with missiles.

In May, 1956, our scientists were again out of luck. A long-range ballistic missile was scheduled to fly six hundred miles from the Ust Zylna area, in European Russia, above the Arctic Circle, to a selected area of the Kara Sea. It did not carry any explosives, but was designed for an atomic warhead.

The launching took place about sunrise. A few seconds after the take-off the missile changed its direction and after covering some three hundred miles its huge metal body crashed near the coast, beside a small fishing settlement.

There were only six survivors out of a population of 130. The semi-wooden houses and a number of small ships on anchor were destroyed by the explosion of the fuel and subsequent fire.

Further tests which had been planned were cancelled by radio order from Moscow. A committee arrived the same afternoon and started an investigation finally seizing six members of the technical staff as responsible for the disaster.

Probably the few survivors of the tragedy will never really know what happened. Perhaps they still believe the official explanation they were given that their settlement was hit by a giant cosmic meteorite.

HORNBLOWER AND THE PIRATES

by C. S. Forester

The admiral was stunned. Miss

Lucy had flung herself at

his feet . . . was kissing his

hand again and again . . .



REAR ADMIRAL LORD HORNBLOWER, peer of the realm and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's West Indian Fleet had fallen very low. Lost in misery, he was traveling on mule back to the Governor of Jamaica to ask pardon for a nest of pirates. . . .

The previous evening, Hornblower, proud and self-confident, had been the guest of honour at a ball given by Mr. Hough, one of the island's richest planters. With admirable condescension he had watched Spendlove, his lively young secretary, twirling through a polonaise with Hough's lovely daughter, Lucy.

Then, in a minute, all was changed. Spendlove and Hornblower, sauntering in Hough's garden before supper, were grabbed by sweaty hands and borne away through the night at cutlass-point. The men who seized them were pirates on the run—desperadoes clutching at a chance of saving their necks from the rope.

The pirates' hide-out was well-nigh impregnable—a shelf on a cliff face sixty feet up. It was from there that they sent Hornblower to the governor.

It seemed incredible to him that he should be going on such a mission, but in fact he had no alternative. The pirates were holding Spendlove as surety that the pardon would be granted. And if Hornblower didn't play his part—

We can cut off his nose. We can dig out his eyes, they told him encouragingly.

Hornblower still shuddered at the thought. He knew that he could never let that happen to Spendlove. Instead, somehow, he had got to save him.

PART TWO

Back To Civilization

Soon the mule eased to a leg-weary walk, and Hornblower was content to sit idly as it crawled along down the path. The sun was now clouded over and it was not long before a blinding rain began to fall, blotting out the landscape and slowing the mule even more on the slippery surface. Hornblower sat exhausted on the sharp spine of the animal, so heavy was the rain that he found it difficult to breathe as it poured upon his face.

Gradually the roaring rain ceased, the sky, while it remained overcast above him, opened to the west and admitted a gleam of the setting sun, so that the landscape on his left was made glorious with a rainbow which Hornblower hardly noted.

Here was the first cane field, the track he was following became a rough and narrow roadway deeply rutted by cartwheels. The mule plodded on, eternally through the cane.

Now the road crossed another, and the mule pulled up at the crossroads. Before Hornblower could rouse himself to urge it onwards, he heard a shout to his right. Far down the road he saw a group of horsemen illuminated against the sunset. With an urgent drumming of hoofs they came galloping towards him and reined up at his side. A white man followed by two coloured men.

"It's Lord Hornblower, isn't it?" asked the white man—a young fellow, Hornblower noticed dully that, although mounted, he was still in full

Hornblower set his jaw. Rather than betray Spendlove he would

dress clothes, with his ruffled neck cloth all awry and bedraggled.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"Thank God you're safe, sir," said the young man. "Are you hurt? Are you worried, My Lord?"

No," said Hornblower. He was swaying with fatigue on the back of the mule.

The young man turned to one of his coloured companions and issued rapid orders, and the coloured man wheeled his horse round and went galloping full pelt down the road.

"The whole island has been turned out to seek for you, My Lord," said the young man. "What happened to you? We have searched for you all day."

It would never do for an admiral, a commander-in-chief, to betray unmanly weakness. Hornblower made himself stiffen his spine.

"I was kidnapped by pirates," he said. He tried to speak nonchalantly, as if that were something that could happen to anybody any day, but it was difficult. His voice was only a hoarse croak. "I must get at once to the governor. Where is His Excellency?"

"He must be at Government House," said the young man. "No more than thirty miles away."

Thirty miles! Hornblower felt as if he could not ride another thirty yards.

Very well," he said, stiffly. "I must go then."

"The Hough house is only two miles down the road here, My Lord," said the young man. "Your carriage is still there, I believe. I have already sent a messenger."

"We'll go there first, then," said Hornblower, as indifferently as he could manage.

A woman from the white man brought the other coloured man from his horse, and Hornblower slid ungracefully from the mule. It was an enormous effort to get his foot up into the stirrup; the coloured man had to help him heave his right leg over.

He had hardly gathered the reins in his hands when the white man put his hand on his chest and Hornblower's mount followed him. It was torture to hump about in the saddle.

"My name is Colston," said the white man checking his horse so that Hornblower came up alongside him. "I had the honour of being presented to Your Lordship at the ball last night."

"Of course," said Hornblower. Perhaps you can tell me what happened there."

"You were missed, My Lord, after the supper march had been kept waiting for you to head it with Mrs Hough. You and your secretary Mr. Mr."

"Spendlove," said Hornblower. "Yes, My Lord. At first it was thought that some urgent business was demanding your attention. It was not for an hour or two, I suppose that your first lieutenant and Mr. Hough could agree that you had been spirited away. There was great distress among the company, My Lord."

Then the alarm was given. All the gentlemen present rode out in search for you. The militia was called out at dawn. The whole countryside is being patrolled. I expect the Highland Regiment is in full march for here at this moment."

"Indeed?" said Hornblower. A thousand infantrymen were making a forced march of thirty miles on his account; a thousand horsemen were scouring the island.

Hooftbeats sounded in front of them. Two horsemen approached in the gathering darkness. Hornblower could just recognize Hough and the messenger.

"Thank God, My Lord," said Hough. "What happened?"

Hornblower was tempted to answer "Mr. Colston will tell you," but he

made himself make a more sensible reply. Hough uttered the expected platitudes.

"I must go on to the governor at once," said Hornblower. "There is Spendlove to think of."

"Spendlove, My Lord? Oh yes, of course, your secretary."

"He is still in the hands of the pirates," said Hornblower.

"Indeed, My Lord?" replied Hough. "Nobody seemed to have a care about Spendlove, except Lucy Hough presumably."

Here was the house and the courtyard, lights were gleaming in every window.

Please come in, My Lord," said Hough. "Your Lordship must be in need of refreshment."

Hornblower had eaten yams and salt pork with the pirates some time that morning; he felt no hunger now.

I must go on to Government House," he said. "I can waste no time."

"If Your Lordship insists..."

Yes," said Hornblower.

"I will go and have the horses put to, then, My Lord."

Hornblower found himself alone in the brightly lit sitting-room. He felt that, if he threw himself into one of the vast chairs there, he would never get up again.

My Lord! My Lord!"

It was Lucy Hough fluttering into the room, her skirts flying with her haste. He would have to tell her about Spendlove.

"Oh you're safe! You're safe!"

What was this? The girl had flung herself on her knees before him. She had one of his hands in both of hers, and was kissing it frantically.

He drew back, he tried to snatch his hand away, but she clung on to it, and followed him on her knees, still kissing it.

"Miss Lucy!"

"I care for nothing as long as you're safe," she said, looking up at him and still clasping his hand, tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I've been through torment today. You're not hurt? Tell me! Speak to me!"

This was horrible. She was pressing her lips, her cheek, against his hand again.

"Miss Lucy! Please! Compose yourself!"

How could a girl of seventeen act like this towards a man of forty-five? Was she not enamoured of Spendlove? But perhaps that was the person she was thinking about.

"I will see that Mr. Spendlove is safe," he said.

"Mr. Spendlove? I hope he's safe. But it's you—you—you—"

"Miss Lucy! You must not say these things. Stand up, please, I beg you."

Somehow he got her to her feet.

"I couldn't bear it!" she said.

"I've loved you since the moment I saw you."

"There, there!" said Hornblower, as soothingly as he knew how.

"The carriage will be ready in two minutes, My Lord," said Hough's voice from the door. "A glass of wine and a bite before you start?" Hough came in with a smile.

"Thank you, sir," said Hornblower, struggling with embarrassment.

"This child has been in a rare way since this morning," said Hough indulgently. "These young people..."

She was the only person in the island, I fancy, who gave a thought to the secretary, as well as to the commander-in-chief."

"Er—yes. These young people," said Hornblower.

The butler entered with a tray at that moment.

"Four His Lordship a glass of wine, Lucy, my dear," said Hough, and then to Hornblower: "Mrs. Hough has been

considerably prostrated but she will be down in a moment."

"Please do not incommode her. I beg of you," said Hornblower. His hand was shaking as he reached for the glass. Hough set about carving a cold chicken.

Excuse me please," said Lucy. She turned and ran from the room as quickly as she had entered it sobbing wildly.

I had no idea the attachment was so strong," said Hough.

Nor had I," said Hornblower. He had gulped down the whole glass of wine in his agitation. He addressed himself to the cold chicken with all the calm he could muster.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," announced the butler.

"I'll take these with me," said Hornblower, a slice of bread in one hand and a chicken wing in the other.

Would it be troubling you too much to ask you to send a messenger ahead of me to warn His Excellency of my coming?"

"That has already been done, My Lord," answered Hough. "And I have sent out messengers to inform all the civil and military patrols that you are safe."

Hornblower sank into the cushioned ease of the carriage. The incident with Lucy had at least had the effect of temporarily driving all thought of fatigue from his mind.

Now he could lean back and relax. It was five minutes before he remembered the bread and chicken in his hands and set himself wearily to eat them.

The long drive was not particularly restful for there were continual interruptions. Patrols who had not heard that he was safe stopped the carriage.

Ten miles down the road, Hornblower encountered the Highland battalion encamped at the roadside and the colonel insisted on coming and paying his respects to the naval commander-in-chief and congratulating him.

Farther on, a galloping horse reined up beside the carriage. It was Gerard, Hornblower's flag lieutenant. The light of the carriage lamp revealed that he had ridden his horse into a lather. Hornblower had to listen to him say "Thank God you are safe, My Lord, and explain to him what had happened."

Gerard abandoned the horse at the first opportunity and got into the carriage beside Hornblower. He was full of self-reproach at having allowed this to happen to his chief.

"We tried to use the bloodhounds to track runaway slaves with, My Lord, but they were of no use."

"Naturally, since I was on mule-back," said Hornblower. "In any case the scent must have been several hours old by that time. Now forget the past for the moment and let me think about the future."

"We'll have those pirates dangling on ropes before two days are up, My Lord."

"Indeed? And what about Spendlove?"

"Oh er Yes, of course, My Lord."

SPENDLOVE was very much of an afterthought with everybody, even with Gerard, who was his friend. But Gerard appreciated Hornblower's difficulty the moment it was pointed out to him.

"We can't let anything happen to him, of course, My Lord."

"And how do we prevent it?" said Hornblower. "Do we grant those pardons—do we persuade His Excellency to grant them?"

"Well, My Lord..."

"There's nothing I would not do to set Spendlove free," said Hornblower. "Do you understand that? Nothing!"

Hornblower caught himself setting his jaw to grim determination, his ineradicable tendency to self-analysis revealed him to himself. He was cynically

surprised at his own flow of emotion. Ferocity and tenderness intermingled: let those pirates touch one hair of Spendlove's head and... but how was he to prevent it? How to free Spendlove from men who knew that their lives, their actual lives and not merely their fortunes, depended on keeping him prisoner?

But how could he ever live with himself if anything were to happen to Spendlove? If the worst came to the worst, he would have to go back to the pirates and yield himself up to them, as that Roman—Regulus—returned to death at the hands of the Carthaginians, and the worst seemed likely to come to the worst.

Government House, My Lord," said Gerard, breaking in upon this train of nightmare thoughts.

Sentries at the gates, sentries at the door, a brightly lit entrance hall where aides-de-camp looked at him curiously, cursed them. So did Gerard. Hornblower was ushered through an inner room where, after only a moment, another door opened to admit His Excellency and the escorting aide-de-camp discreetly retired.

HIS EXCELLENCY was an angry man. Angry as a man can only be who has been badly scared.

"Now, what is all this, My Lord?"

There was none of the usual deference displayed towards the man who had attained a peerage, the man of legendary fame. Sir Augustus Hooper was a full general, far above a mere rear-admiral, moreover, as governor he was absolute ruler throughout this island. His red face and bulging blue eyes—as well as the rage he was displaying—seemed to confirm the rumour that he was a grandson of the royal blood.

Hornblower explained briefly and quietly what had happened, his fatigue—if not his common sense—prevented his giving an angry reply.

"Do you realize the cost of all this, My Lord?" blared Hooper. "Every white man who can sit a horse is out."

My last reserve—the Highlanders—are bivouacked at the roadside. What that will mean in malaria and yellow fever I do not dare guess. For two weeks every man of the garrison except for the Highlanders has been out guarding fishing boats and watching beaches—at your request. The sick lists are enormous. And now this!"

Hornblower said: "My instructions, and I believe Your Excellency's as well, laid the greatest stress on the suppression of piracy, sir."

I don't need any whisper-snapper jumped up rear-admiral to interpret my instructions," roared Hooper. "What sort of bargain did you make with these pirates of yours?"

There it was. It was not an easy thing to explain to a man in this mood.

I made no actual bargain, Your Excellency."

"Hard to believe you had that much sense."

"But my honour is pledged."

"Your honour is pledged?" shouted Hooper. "To whom? The pirates?"

"No, Your Excellency. To my secretary, Spendlove."

"What was the pledge?"

"He was retained as a hostage when I was set free."

"What did you promise him?"

What...? He had said something about thinking about him."

"I made no verbal promise, Your Excellency. But one was implied, unspoken."

"What was implied?"

"That I should set him free."

"And how did you think you could do that?"

Hornblower knew there was nothing for it then but to take the bull by the horns. He said: "I was released in order that I might solicit from Your Excellency pardons under seal for the pirates."

"Pardons! Par—" Hooper could not

go back to the

pirate fortress—and give himself up



Sir Augustus gobbled like a turkey at the pale-faced Hornblower, "Are you insane, My Lord?" he roared . . .

even finish the word a second time. He could only gobble like a turkey for six or seven seconds before with a gulp he said, "I cannot continue. Are you insane, My Lord?"

That was why I was released! And that is why my secretary Spendlove is still in prison. I am the judge of that. You are in no condition to judge anything at present if very young men in any land is the case.

Hornblower said, "Nobly, regrets the assembly more than I do. Your Excellency."

"Not so much," said the superior officer, as well as governor of this island. "Of course, world and you will be under arrest. My Lord. Let me hear no more of this nonsense."

Your Excellency."

"Not so much," said the superior officer, as well as governor of this island. "Of course, world and you will be under arrest. My Lord. Let me hear no more of this nonsense."

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instruct your dog lieutenant as to the fresh clothes you will need. I will send ready for you in the morning.

Clothes? Hornblower looked down at himself. He had forgotten entirely that he was wearing his black frock coat. He was wearing his black frock coat. He was wearing his black frock coat. He was wearing his black frock coat. He was wearing his black frock coat.

The mirror in the bedroom confirmed Hornblower's worst fears regarding his appearance. The bed, with its enormous square bed, with its enormous square bed, with its enormous square bed, with its enormous square bed, with its enormous square bed.

It was a relaxation to sit in himself in a cold bath despite the snoring protests of the raw places on his body. And yet he felt a relaxation with one of His Excellency's nightgowns flapping round his knees. He could not give way to his weakness.

He found himself fumbling barefoot about the room. He had a quart of milk to pour. The candle, heated tropical air of the bedroom was not so conducive to his occupation as was a fresh sea breeze. Mosquitoes buzzed about him stinging his neck and his bare legs and distracting him. It was one of these dreadful nights sometimes he faced a sea far as to sit but when a few seconds a new idea of thought brought him to his feet again to turn up an arrow.

It was maddening that he could not stop his thoughts concentrated in the problem of Spendlove. He felt a concern for himself that he should find his mind deserting his devoted secretary but it was a ritual train of thought which was a ritual train of thought which was a ritual train of thought.

He knew before the night was over just how he would deal with the pirates. Just as his hands were free he even knew satisfaction in relinquishing his plans only to find the satisfaction replaced by so despair at the thought of Spendlove in the pirates' hands. There were moments when his stomach turned over as he remembered the pirates threat to dig out Spendlove's eyes.

WEARINESS took him by surprise in the morning. He sat down and rested his head on his hand and then, as always, with a start as he fell forward in his chair.

The awakening was not complete enough to remember what he was doing. He was sitting in what he called a comfortable but uncomfortable chair. He was sitting in what he called a comfortable but uncomfortable chair. He was sitting in what he called a comfortable but uncomfortable chair.

It was, indeed, who came in bearing a clean, crisp and uniform and means, a man as of shape and of bearing, carefully served to sit down over and kept him from throwing too furiously about the problem he would

has to solve in the next few minutes. His Excellency would be glad if his Lordship would take breakfast with him.

That was a message conveyed through the door to tell the invitation must be accepted, of course, as it was the equivalent of a royal command.

His Excellency was partial to a steak for breakfast, a silver dish of steak and cream was brought in almost as soon as Hornblower had set out his formal gown, morning. His perceptive at Hornblower's cold when he answered the butler's inquiry with a request for papaya and a boiled egg.

THAT was a bad start for a conference. Hornblower had his opinions of Hornblower's breakfast, that he should have the sea on land. Hornblower, however, about breakfast, years of nothing on shore had not yet dulled the appetite for fresh eggs in their shells which Hornblower had acquired during seachours at sea.

Hornblower had insisted on his steak and set about it with appetite. Did you sleep well? Well, enough, thank you, Your Excellency.

Hooper's abandonment of the formal. My Lord, was a little subtle, but, after that he was willing to forget, yet might's discussion and to act a again, possibly as if Hornblower was a normal person with only a temporary lapse on his record.

We'll leave business until we've eaten. As you wish Your Excellency. But not even a governor can be sure of his future. There was a bustle at the door and a whole group of people came hurrying in not merely the butler but two aides-de-camp and General and ragged and weary, almost unable to stand on their legs.

Spendlove said, Hornblower, his spoon, scattering to the floor as he rose and hurried to him. He clasped his secretary's hand, groaning with delight. Perhaps there had never been a moment in his life which had been so much shorter than this.

Spendlove! He could only repeat the name at first. Is this the return of the prodigal? Hornblower remembered his manners. I take it Your Excellency, he said in my secretary. Mr. Erasmus Spendlove?

Had to see you, young man. Take a seat at the table. Bring Mr. Spendlove some food. He looks as if a glass of wine would do him some good. Bring the decanter and a glass.

You're not wounded, asked Hornblower. I'm not hurt, No. My Lord, said Spendlove, extending his legs cautiously under the table. It is only that seventy years or horse back have stiffened my muscles. I'm all right.

Seventy years? asked Hooper from where? Montejo Bay. Your Excellency. Then you must have escaped in the night.

At nightfall Your Excellency. But what did you do then? demanded Hornblower. How did you get away? I jumped, My Lord. Into the water.

Into the water? Yes, My Lord. There was eight feet of water in the cove at the foot of the cliff, enough to break my fall from any height.

So there was. But that was on the dark? That was easy, My Lord. I swam over the parapet, during the day, when I said goodbye to your Lordship. I marked the spot and I measured the distance with my eye.

And then? And then I jumped when it was

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fully dark, and had begun raining hard. What were the pirates doing? asked Hooper.

They were taking shelter, Your Excellency. They were paying no attention to me, thinking I was safe enough there, with the ladder pulled up.

"And so—?"
So I took a run, Your Excellency and jumped the parapet, as I said, and came down feet first into the water!

"Unhurt?"
"Unhurt, Your Excellency. Hornblower's vivid imagination conjured up everything about the feat. The half dozen strides through the dark and the roaring rain, the leap, the endless fall. He felt the hair at the back of his neck lifting.

"A most commendable deed," commented Hooper.
"Nothing for a desperate man, Your Excellency."

Perhaps not. And then? After you were in the water? Were you pursued?"
"As far as I can tell, Your Excellency, I was not. Perhaps it was some time before they noticed my absence. Even then they would have to let down the ladder and climb down it. I heard nothing as I made off."

"Which way did you go?" asked Hornblower.

"I kept to the river, My Lord, making my way downstream. It reaches the sea at Montego Bay."

"Was it an easy journey?" asked Hornblower. Something was stirring in his mind, demanding his attention, despite the strong emotions he was experiencing.

"Not easy in the dark, My Lord. There were rapids in places, and the boulders were slippery."

"And at Montego Bay?" asked Hooper.

"There was the guard over the fishing boats—a half company of the West Indian Regiment, Your Excellency. I had their officer awakened and he found me a horse, and I took the road through Cambridge and Ipswich."

"You got yourself remounted?"

"I claimed I was on a mission of the greatest importance, Your Excellency."

"You made good time even then?"
"The patrol at Mandeville told me His Lordship was on his way to Your Excellency and so I rode straight to Government House."

"Very sensible."

To the picture as Hornblower's mind of the leap in the darkness were now added others, of a nightmare journey down the river, falling over slippery boulders, tumbling along invisible banks, then the endless, weary ride.

"I shall represent your conduct to the Lords Commissioners, Mr. Spendlove," he said, formally.

"I must thank Your Lordship." And I shall represent it to the Secretary of State," added Hooper.

Your Excellency is too kind."

To Hornblower it was not the least of Spendlove's achievements that he had contrived somehow to gulp down a whole plateful of steak and kidneys while making his report. The man must have learned to dispense with chattering.

Enough of compliments, said Hooper, mopping up his gravy with a piece of bread. "Now we have to destroy these pirates. This last of them—do you say it is strong?"

Hornblower let Spendlove answer.

Impregnable to direct assault, Your Excellency.

"M-m. D'ye think they'll make a stand there?"

For the past several minutes Hornblower had been jabbing this point with himself. These leaderless men, dazed now by the complete failure of their scheme—what would they do?

They could scatter all over the island, Your Excellency," said Spendlove.

So they could. Then I'll have to hunt them down. Patrols on every road, movable columns in the mountains. And the work list is high already.

Troops exposed to the weather and the night air for long in the West Indies died like flies and it might well take weeks to run the outfit down.

Maybe they'll scatter," Hornblower



HENRY SHEREK

(the impresario) gave snap answers to six questions on ENTERTAINMENT. Test your wits and try to beat his points score

(Answers on page 28)

Challenge the Famous

1 Which B.B.C. programme has been on the air for the longest time?
"Take It From Here."

2 It is customary for audiences to stand during the playing of two pieces of music. One is obviously the National Anthem but what is the other?

Well, I've never stood up for anything else. I'll have a guess: "Abide With Me."

3 Which recorded music has been the world's best seller?

Another guess. I'll say "St. Louis Blues" the Louis Armstrong recording.

4 Who composes the music and who writes the lyrics in a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical?

Hammerstein writes the lyrics, Richard Rodgers composes the music.

5 Can you name the longest single broadcast made by the B.B.C.?

The reporting of the Coronation. I watched it on television all day long because I had twisted my ankle.

6 Which film has proved to be the biggest money-maker?

Gone With The Wind."

said and then he committed himself. But in my opinion, Your Excellency, they will not."

Hooper looked at him sharply.

"You think not?"

"I think not, Your Excellency."

That gang had been despairing as well as desperate when he had been among them. There was something childlike about them, leaderless as they were. On the cliff they had shelter food—they had a home, if the expression could be tolerated. They would not readily leave it.

"And you say this place is impregnable? It would mean a long siege?"

"I might reduce them quickly with a naval force, Your Excellency if Your Excellency would give me leave to try."

"Your Lordship is welcome to try."

FAMILIES—1

Families are people who struggle to keep the wolf from the door when the stork keeps on flying in through the window

Dr Farrer

anything that will save lives. Hooper was looking at him curiously.

"Then I'll make my arrangements," said Hornblower.

"You'll go to Montego Bay by sea?"

"Yes," Hornblower restrained himself from saying "of course." Soldiers always found it hard to realize the convenience of the sea for rapid and secret movements.

"I'll maintain my patrols in case they bolt while you smoke out the nest," said Hooper.

"I think Your Excellency would be taking a wise precaution in doing so. I trust my plan will not take long in execution. With Your Excellency's leave..." Hornblower began to rise.

"You're going now?"

"Every hour is of importance, Your Excellency."

Hooper was looking at him more inquisitively than ever. "The navy displays its notorious reserve," he said.

Oh, very well then. Order His Lordship's carriage. You have my leave to

try. My Lord. Report to me by courier."

There they were, in the warm morning air, sitting, the three of them, Hornblower, Spendlove, and Gerard, in the carriage.

"The dockyard," ordered Hornblower briefly. He turned to Spendlove. From the dockyard you will go on board Clorinda and convey my order to Captain Fell to make ready for sea. I shall be hoisting my flag within an hour. Then it is my order to you that you get yourself some rest."

"Aye, aye, My Lord..."

At the dockyard the Captain Superintendent did his best not to appear surprised at an unheralded visit from his admiral who, by the last news, had been kidnapped.

"I want a boat mortar, Holmes," said Hornblower, brushing aside the expressions of pleased surprise.

A boat mortar, My Lord? Yes, yes, My Lord. There's one in store, I know."

"It's to go on board Clorinda at once. Now, there are shells for it?"

"Yes, My Lord. Uncharged, of course."

"I'll have Clorinda's gunner charge 'em while we're under way. Twenty pounds apiece I believe. Send two hundred with the fuses."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

"And I want a punt. Two punts. I've seen your hands using 'em for caulk and breasting. Twenty foot, are they?"

"Twenty two foot, My Lord," answered Holmes. He was glad that he could answer this question while his admiral had not insisted on an answer regarding so obscure a matter as the weight of boat-mortar shells.

"I'll have two, as I said. Send them round to be hoisted on deck."

"Aye, aye, My Lord..."

Captain Sir Thomas Fell had his best uniform on to greet his admiral.

"I received your order, My Lord," he said, as the twittering of the pipes died away in a last wail.

Very well, Sir Thomas. I want to be under way this moment. The stores I have ordered are on board. You can warp your ship out. We are going to Montego Bay to deal with the pirates."

Aye, aye, My Lord."

Fell did his best not to look askance at the two filthy punts that he was expected to heave on to his spotless deck—they were only the floating stages used in the dockyard for work on ships' "

sides, and the two tons of greasy mortar shells for which he had to find space were no better. He was not too pleased when he was ordered to tell off the greater part of his ship's company—two hundred and forty men—and all his marine detachment for a landing party.

The hands were naturally delighted with the prospect of a change of routine and the possibility of action. The fact that the gunner was weighing out gunpowder and putting two pounds apiece in the shells, a glimpse of the armourer going round with the admiral on an inspection of the boarding pikes, the sight of the boat mortar, squat and ugly, crouching on its bed at the break of the fore-castle, all excited them.

It was a pleasure, too, to thrash along to the westward, under every stitch of canvas, leaving Portland Point abeam rounding Negril Point at sunset, catching some fortunate puffs of the sea breeze which enabled them to cheat the trade wind, ghosting along in the tropical darkness with the lead at work in the chains, and anchoring with the dawn among the shoals of Montego Bay—the green mountains of Jamaica all fiery with the rising sun.

Hornblower was on deck to see it, he had been awake since midnight, having slept since sunset—two almost sleepless nights had disordered his habits—and he was already pacing the quarter-deck as the excited men were formed up.

He kept a sharp eye on the preparations. That boat mortar weighed no more than four hundred pounds, a mere trifle for the yardarm tackle to lower down into the punt alongside. The musket-men were inspected; it was puzzling to the crew that there were pike-men, axe-men, and even mallet-men and crowbar-men as well.

As the sun climbed higher and blazed down hotter the men began to file down into the boats.

Gig's alongside. My Lord," said Gerard.

Very well."

On shore Hornblower returned the salute of the astonished subaltern commanding the detachment of the West Indian Regiment on guard over the boats—he had turned out his men apparently expecting nothing less than a French invasion. Hornblower dismissed him and then ran a final glance over the rigid lines of the marine detachment, scarlet tunics and white crossbelts and all.

They would not be nearly as tidy by the end of the day.

With Spendiwove as guide, the marines marched forward; they were the advanced guard to secure the main body from surprise. It was time to give orders to Clorinda's first-lieutenant.

Hornblower said: "Now, Mr. Setton, we can move."

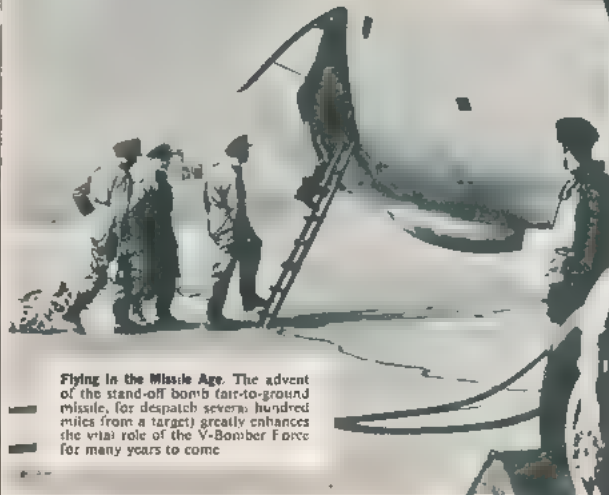
To be concluded next week

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"I'm interested in the Elvis Presley record which you keep on playing—could I see it?"

V-Bomber Force



Flying in the Missile Age. The advent of the stand-off bomb (air-to-ground missile, for dispatch several hundred miles from a target) greatly enhances the vital role of the V-Bomber Force for many years to come.



Aircrew Selection. First you go for 4 days to Hornchurch for a series of tests. Alertness of mind, as well as quickness of hand and eye, will stand you in good stead.



Basic Training. Once through Hornchurch, you are a potential officer, ready to do your basic training. This you finish with the rank of Acting Pilot Officer. Then begins your flying training during which you do your first solo flight.

To fly Britain's V-Bombers calls for a highly developed sense of responsibility, and the men who fly them must also have more than a fair share of skill and initiative. How does an R.A.F. flying career begin? What, briefly, are the stages before you join the V-Bomber Force?



The Royal Air Force Flying...and a career

How to Join. You can join the R.A.F. through the Direct Commission scheme, which offers you the choice of a permanent career right up to pension age or a two-year engagement with the option of leaving after eight. (If you leave after twelve years you take back to civilian life a tax-free gratuity of £4,000.) Alternatively, there's a five-year Short Service Commission. Whichever you choose the pay is good. The new increases in pay

and allowances, effective from the 5th April, mean that a Flight Lieutenant of 25 can, with full allowances, earn more than £1,500 a year.

If you are between 17½ and 26, if you have the General Certificate of Education, the Scottish Leaving Certificate, or their equivalent, then write, stating age and education, to the Air Ministry, Dept (2613A), Admiralty House, London, W.C.1. We will send you all you need to know



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The deer in our family

Continued from page 13

than high spirits. I have seen him career up to a herd of bullocks in a field and toss his head as though in viting them to play.

When Ernest had been with us four months, Vera and I stood outside the inn and watched sixteen deer pass between two copses on the escarpment not far away. We looked at Ernest.

The wind was blowing straight off the ridge, but he showed no sign of interest. We decided that he would be with us for the coming winter.

With autumn came the rutting season, and the bellowing challenges of the big stags were heard in the village. The usual stories passed at the inn about scenes of violent and bloody combat. Ernest was more interested in browsing among the tombstones around Mollard's medieval church investigating the village dustbins, or sniffing the countryside from the back seat of a friend's open tourer.

As rain and mist closed on the moor, Ernest hugged our log fire like a cat. Some of the farm boys put benches across the doorways and he would amuse himself on winter evenings hurdling round the house. When he saw his first fall of snow he showed frantic delight, rolling in it, tossing it with his head, and cavorting in circles.

Early the following year we had him gelded on the advice of a vet who warned us that if Ernest was allowed to grow antlers he might become dangerous to handle. Nether Vera nor I believed that he would harm us, but we were anxious that there should be no danger to the children among whom he often wandered. Thinking also of his growing appetite, and his sometimes unorthodox diet, we took out an insurance policy against any damage he might do.

At a year old Ernest was about the height of a donkey. It would be another year before he was fully grown, but already he had achieved a degree of fame in the north of Devon. That summer people began to drive over to the village from Minehead Dunster, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, and other holiday resorts, to see Mollard's tame deer.

While I was out one day, two men arrived at the inn and asked Vera if they might look at Ernest. They seemed greatly impressed by his friendliness. "Would you sell him?" they asked. Vera thought not, but said that they should see me.

Two weeks later the men returned in a large car. They came to the point

quickly. They owned a big hotel and wanted Ernest as a publicity gimmick. Before they left I had refused £100 for him. Not long afterwards I was confined to bed with a spasm of a recurring illness. Ernest climbed the stairs and nuzzled his brown nose in the bedclothes. I was glad that I had not taken the money.

By his third summer with us, Ernest had grown to full size and attracted the interest of people from many other parts of the country and of one or two zoos. A man from Belfast wrote: "I have heard that you have reared a wild red deer that is fearless of people and other animals. Is this really true?"

He should have seen Ernest at a Christmas party for old-age pensioners in Tiverton Memorial Hall. I had promised to attend as Santa Claus, and took Ernest in a taxi. There was plenty to eat. He was very happy.

By then Ernest was too large to live

FAMILIES—2

All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy in its own fashion.

Leo Tolstoy

indoors. When he was not wandering about the village, he shared a stall with the goat. When Ernest was four, she died. For the first time in his life he lost his bounce. In an effort to stop his pining I bought another goat. That did the trick. They are now inseparable.

Indeed, Ernest was so jealous when his new companion gave birth to twins that I had to take them out of the stall. When I went down one morning he was butting them against the wall. I believe he would have killed them.

Ernest spent his longest spell away from the inn during the summer of 1954. When he had been gone three days many people believed that he had finally responded to hereditary instincts and returned to the moor.

Mol and discussed his chances of survival. He was fit and strong, and his lack of antlers was not necessarily a handicap, for knots (stags without antlers) often fare better than the horned animals whose skull growth tends to sap their strength and sometimes impedes their movement. In any case, he would not be drawn into mating battles.

Ernest's main danger came from poachers. Unafraid of men, he would make an easy target. The word was passed to neighbouring districts to take care of him if he was seen. Outlying farmers, among them John Bratley, Fred Buckingham and Reg Fry, joined the search.

On the fourth day, Fry was in one of his fields. Ernest trotted up to him. The deer was in excellent condition and quite unruffled. When Fry walked down to the inn to report the news Ernest calmly followed.

About Easter last year I became seriously ill with a recurrence of my old complaint. Nursing me and running the inn was enough for Vera to handle without the extra work and worry of Ernest. I decided, sorrowfully, to ask Paignton Zoo if they would have him. There he would receive good attention in pleasant surroundings.

While I was at my lowest, an official from the zoo came to look at Ernest. "We'd be very pleased to have him," he told Vera. She could not conceal her unhappiness.

Shortly before Ernest was due to go, I took a turn towards recovery. Lying in bed one bright spring morning I heard Caroline, Martin, Sylvia and some of the other village children bringing scraps to the door for Ernest. "It must be nearly his birthday," I heard them tell Vera.

It must be, I thought. We could not send him away now. I would have to tell the zoo I had changed my mind.

Ernest spent his eighth birthday at Mollard—where he may spend as many more as he cares to stay for. THE END

Challenge the Famous

IN his answers to the six questions on entertainment on page 26, Henry Sherck scored three points. He was wrong over Question 1. Children's Hour has been on the air longer than any other programme. It dates from the start of broadcasting in 1922.

He also tripped over Question 2. Audiences do not stand for "Abide With Me" but it is customary to do so for the singing of the chorus in Handel's Messiah, the "Hallelujah Chorus." At its first performance in London in 1743, its effect upon George II was such that he started to his feet and remained standing. His example was followed by the audience, and the custom has been perpetuated.

Henry Sherck's guess at answering Question 3 was also wrong. Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" has been the world's best seller. Eighteen million records of the music are said to have been sold. Bing Crosby's recording alone selling nine million. Sherck answered the last three questions correctly. *Gone With The Wind* is said to have earned £12 million.

"How can you prove murder without a body?"

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

On Tuesday, July 19, 1949, the most sensational trial in Britain since the war was drawing to an end. In the dock of the small courtroom at Lewes Assizes was John George Haigh, known since, in criminal history, as the "Acid Bath" murderer.

In the witness box was one of the country's best known psychiatrists, Dr Henry Yellowlees, cross-examining him was the Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross.

Dr Yellowlees had been in the box for almost three hours. He was a man of the highest integrity, and that was why, as Sir Hartley cross-examined him he found himself to be in a predicament. The doctor believed that John George Haigh was insane, afflicted by that disease of the mind called paranoia. But—and here was the crux—he could not in all honesty bring himself to say that when Haigh killed the woman for whose murder he was now standing trial he did not know that to do murder was wrong.

It was to force that decisive admission from the doctor that the Attorney-General had framed his long series of questions, and now everyone in the tense court was aware that the crisis was imminent. Haigh had killed, on his own confession. But, Dr Yellowlees had submitted, he had killed without thought of the consequences because as a paranoiac, he believed he was acting under the "guidance of a higher power."

Sir Hartley: "Whether he believed that he was acting under the guidance of a higher power or not, did he believe that according to the



Four of Haigh's victims—Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Durand-Deacon and Donald McSwan

John George Haigh claimed six victims in his bath of acid. Now, with brazen impudence, he challenged the law. It was the most astonishing confession ever made . . . a barefaced plot to cheat the hangman



Haigh smiles after the first day's hearing. During his trial he did crossword puzzles

laws of this country he was doing wrong?"

Dr Yellowlees: "He cannot have, if he believed that he was acting under a power above the law."

"In this court what we administer is not some other body of laws but the law of this country, and I asked you whether this man, thinking as he may have done, according to you, that he was acting under the guidance of some other power, still believed that what he was doing would be wrong according to our law?" "I do not know."

But Sir Hartley was not to be denied, and pressed through inexorably. "I am not asking you whether the man decided in obedience to a higher power to do what he realized was wrong. I am asking you to look at the facts and tell the jury whether there is any doubt that he must have known that according to English law he was preparing to do and subsequently had done something that was wrong?"

"I will say yes to that question," said

Dr Yellowlees, "if you say 'punishable by law' instead of 'wrong'."

That was the point Sir Hartley wanted, and he drove it home. "Punishable by law and, therefore, wrong by the law of this country?"

There could now only be one answer. "Yes," said the doctor, "I think he knew that."

With that question and that reply the case for John George Haigh was carried for ever down the wind.

Even in so rich a period of gaudy crime as the five years which followed the end of the war, the Haigh case was sensational, being truly horrific. A vampire killer loose in peaceful Kensington, a capital charge without a corpse, blood drinking and compulsive dreams, paranoia and primitive rites—here was a dish seasoned to satisfy the most exacting crime hound.

More prosaically, the trial was remarkable for the controversy it set off afterwards about the fate of Haigh. That he was a multiple



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killer there is little doubt That he could have gone to Broadmoor criminal lunatic asylum instead of to the scaffold it still a point of contention among barristers.

Although it caused an enduring sensation the case of Rex v. Haigh was, from the point of view of the police, a very straightforward one. Most murders are committed for gain this is when the romantic accretions of vampirism and demonology were sloughed away in the acid of hard fact, was no exception.

Haigh confessed that he killed six human beings, from whose deaths he directly benefited by some thousands of pounds. He claimed to have killed three more, a youth and two young women. But these particular claims must be taken with great reserve. The story of their deaths was almost certainly invented by Haigh after his arrest to sustain his defence of insanity and that is its only significance.

Haigh himself treated the matter with his usual repulsive cynicism. "What are three stiff?" he is reputed to have said, when preparing his defence, "among friends?"

Haigh was accused of the murder of the last of his series, a Mrs. Olive Durand-Deacon, and it was for her death that he was indicted, convicted and hanged.

Mrs. Durand-Deacon was an elderly widow, some sixty years old and of comfortable means who lived in one of those quiet, residential hotels which abound in Kensington, in this case the Onslow Court Hotel. By the end of 1948 she had been living there much longer than one of her fellow guests. John George Haigh, who had joined the strength, as it were, only three years before.

She was a discreet woman of settled habits and it would be surprising if she ever made firm friends with the suspiciously assured young man who ran a flashy car but had no very definable profession. Yet he had a smoothly cocky charm, of the kind that often disarms old ladies, and a residential hotel is a small place.

At all events Haigh had sufficiently gained the lady's confidence to be seen leaving the hotel with her in his Alvis car in February 18, 1949.

The explanation it transpired later was a visit Mrs. Durand-Deacon had agreed to make to Sussex in company with Haigh. He was at that time "technical liaison officer" (a title invented by himself with a light engineering firm, Hurstle Products, Limited, which had a factory at Leopold Road, Crawley. Mrs. Durand-Deacon, who might well have been seeking some innocent but profitable way of using idle funds, had a project for the manufacture of artificial finger nails, and Haigh had managed to persuade her that he could help.

It was ostensibly to show her the possibilities of the factory at Crawley that Haigh enticed her into making her last journey on earth. She was identified as having visited the George Hotel at Crawley at about 4 p.m. on that afternoon, Haigh being in attendance. Thereafter she was never seen again.

There were several things Mrs. Durand-Deacon did not know about Haigh any one of which would have effectively prevented her from having the smallest contact with him. She did not know that he had at various times between 1934 and 1943 served a total of seven years in prison for crimes of swindling and theft. Nor did she know, what only Haigh himself knew, that he had in the last four years murdered five people and disposed of their bodies by dissolving them in sulphuric acid.

More typically, she was not aware that he had a bank overdraft of £80 and owed a business associate £50, which he was bound to repay immediately. The cheque with which he had paid his considerable hotel bill had just been returned.

Above all, Mrs. Durand-Deacon was unaware that Haigh had acquired, two days before the Crawley visit, three carboys of commercial sulphuric acid, a stirrup pump, rubber gloves and

apron and a forty gallon drum of galvanized iron "specially treated to resist corrosive elements."

All this apparatus, which might be described as the tools of his trade was awaiting Haigh in the small workshop in Leopold Road, Crawley.

Having ushered Mrs. Durand-Deacon into the rather sordid little room he shot her in the back of the head with a bullet from a .38 revolver. He then, so he said, went out to the car and fetched a cleaning glass. With a penknife he made an incision in the dead woman's neck and "collected" a glass of blood, which he drank. He then relieved the body of its fur coat and jewellery and dumped it in the empty drum which he pumped full of sulphuric acid.

To anyone who is not a psychiatrist Haigh's conduct on the next day and the days following must have thrown as much doubt on his sanity as the nightmare of compulsive dreams, blood lust and paranoia which was put forward at the trial for his defence.

On the next morning, a Saturday his first action was normal enough. As he was aware that people in the hotel knew he had arranged to take Mrs. Durand-Deacon out the day before, he made anxious inquiries for

the country, or gone into hiding. At least he could have refrained from doing what he proceeded to do, which was to scatter, during the next five days, enough clues in the path of the police as to make his arrest certain.

At Horsham he collected the proceeds of his sale of Mrs. Durand-Deacon's jewellery. The sum came to £131 and with it he paid off some of his overdraft and his more pressing debts.

On the Tuesday of this week he inspected the acid drum and found that "decomposition was complete." Well almost complete, for the acid had failed to destroy all of Mrs. Durand-Deacon's plastic handbag. Wheeling the drum outside he tipped out the sludge, handbag and all, into a corner of the yard. So far as he was concerned, that was the end of Mrs. Durand-Deacon.

The papers were giving great publicity to the disappearance of Mrs. Durand-Deacon, and what he read in the press made the Horsham jeweller tell his story to the police.

Other things were going on. Police officers forced their way into the Crawley workshop and found some interesting items, including the stirrup pump, rubber gloves and apron (on which were bloodstains) and the .38

pebble-like objects were human gallstones, the others were human bone.

All this, of course, was still unknown to Haigh when, at about 7 p.m., he was questioned by Detective Inspector Symes of the Chelsea police. When asked how he had come by the dead woman's fur coat and jewellery, he replied, after a caution, that it was a long story. "It is one of blackmail and I shall have to implicate others. How do I stand about that?"

Inspector Symes very properly said that he could give no advice, and having said that he left the room.

Haigh, in talking about blackmail and "others" was playing for time, desperately searching his mind for some promising line of defence. It did not take him long to find one. While Symes was out of the room Haigh was alone with another policeman, Detective Inspector Webb. To him Haigh made a remark with which Sir Hartley Shawcross made deadly play at the trial.

"Tell me frankly," he said "what are the chances of anyone being released from Broadmoor?"

The officer refused to discuss the matter, and Haigh went on confidently. "Well, if I told you the truth, you would not believe me: it sounds too fantastic for belief."

He was then cautioned again, and said: "I will tell you all about it. Mrs. Durand-Deacon no longer exists. She has disappeared completely, and no trace of her can be found again. I have destroyed her with acid. You will find the sludge which remains in Leopold Road. Every trace has gone." And he added with a complacent smile: "How can you prove murder if there is no body?"

But in this Inspector Webb did not feel himself bound to reply. Instead, he called Inspector Symes back into the room. After being cautioned once again, Haigh made a statement which took two hours to set down. As a result of this, and after further police investigations at Crawley and in Haigh's room at the hotel, he was taken two days later to Horsham police station and charged with the murder.

Haigh's statement to the Chelsea police, and another which he made at his own request in Lewes prison (it was in this statement that he claimed to have killed the three unidentified persons) constitute one of the most astonishing confessions ever made by a prisoner awaiting trial. He described in great detail not only the murder of Mrs. Durand-Deacon, but also that of five other people. Three of these were called McSwan—father, mother and son, the others were a married couple called Dr. and Mrs. Henderson. We have only Haigh's word that these people were done to death by him, but it was amply proved after his arrest that they existed and, furthermore, that they disappeared at the times Haigh said he "liquidated" them.

During the preparation of his defence a great deal came to light about John George Haigh, his history and character. No ruthless killer ever came from a more unlikely background. His parents, of good Yorkshire industrial stock, were deeply religious and members of that ascetic company which is known as the Plymouth Brethren. He won divinity prizes at school, became a chorboy and then assistant organist at Wakefield Cathedral. Later he joined the Brethren, among whom he made some mark as a speaker.

The account Haigh gives of the dark, interior facet of his life and character might have been lifted from a psychologist's case book. But what he tells us it must be remembered, comes from statements he prepared in prison, when he knew his defence was to be one of insanity. He was afflicted from boyhood, he said, with frightening and compulsive dreams. Dreams of blood. When he was sixteen he dreamed recurrently of the figure of Christ in Wakefield Cathedral "with blood pouring from his wounds."

Later, a dream which recurred frequently was of a more personal nature. Haigh called it the "Tree dream," and it was crucial because it invariably preceded his killings. "I

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her, notably of a Mrs. Constance Lane, a friend of the dead woman. He said that he had had an appointment with Mrs. Durand-Deacon, but she had not put in an appearance.

He then set off for Crawley, selling on route, Mrs. Durand-Deacon's gold watch to a Putney jeweller for £10. At Leopold Road he called in at the workshop to "see how things were going on."

Next stop for Haigh was Horsham where he gave his victim's jewellery to a pawnbroker for valuation and after Horsham, Reigate, where the fur coat was deposited at a cleaner's.

On Sunday Haigh suggested that the disappearance of Mrs. Durand-Deacon should be reported to the police. Mrs. Lane agreed, and Haigh drove with her to Chelsea Police Station.

On the following day, while Haigh was visiting Crawley, a woman police sergeant made routine inquiries at his hotel. Woman Police Sergeant Lambourn, however, was not reassured by what the hotel's manager told her about Haigh, and her report led to a search in the Criminal Record Office at Scotland Yard.

When Haigh returned to London that afternoon he found detectives waiting for him. He made a statement saying that he had arranged to take the missing woman down to Crawley three days before, that she had failed to meet him at the appointed rendezvous and that he had no idea what had happened to her since.

At this time Haigh was still a free man and could conceivably have left

revolver. They also found a receipt from the Reigate cleaners.

On Monday, February 28, the police thought it wiser to keep Haigh within sight. He was taken to Chelsea Police Station that evening and detained.

There he gave the appearance of a supremely untroubled man and, indeed, he might have been just that.

For Haigh was the victim of two popular illusions. The first, the gravity of which cannot be too strongly urged on all those intending assassination, is that if there is no corpse there can be no murder. That is not the law. Haigh should have known this, for he must have read of the case of James Camb, a ship's steward. He murdered a young actress and cast her body into the sea, from which it was never recovered. That did not prevent his being tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to death, a sentence which would have been carried out had capital punishment not been suspended at the time.

The second illusion which Haigh harboured was that sulphuric acid is an absolutely efficient dissolvent. This also is not true. The police proved this only a few hours after Haigh was detained in Chelsea. Picking through the layers of greasy sludge in the yard at Leopold Road they found such objects as a full set of dentures, a lipstick container, a hairpin and the handle of a plastic handbag. More suggestively, they came upon three small polished objects, rather resembling pebbles, and eighteen pieces of some horny substance, all of which were corroded by acid. The



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saw before me a great forest of crucifixes, which gradually turned into trees. At first there appeared to be dew, or rain, dripping from the branches, but when I approached I realized it was blood. Suddenly the whole forest began to writhe and the trees, stark and erect to once blood. A man went to each tree, catching the blood. When the cup was full he approached me "Drink," he said, but I was unable to move.

In 1934, when he was twenty-five Haigh took his first step into crime. He opted for fraud and false pretences during the next six years he was sentenced to first, fifteen months in prison, and then to four years' penal servitude. From the last "stretch" he emerged to a world at war. Typically he escaped the call up in a reserved occupation, which was fire watching. The bombing of London, according to Haigh, was almost too much for his

bank balance running low at this time, but that he was also going through an agonizing cycle of the "blood dream."

"I got the feeling," wrote Haigh in his confession, "that I must get blood somewhere. I was meeting McSwan from time to time . . . he brought a pin table to Gloucester Road to repair. I hit him over the head and he was unconscious. I got a mug and took some blood from his neck, in the mug and drank it. That night I had the dream, when I caught up with the blood. At Gloucester Road I had acid . . . I found a water butt on a disused site and took it on a cart and put McSwan in acid."

The date was September 9, 1944 and against that day, in his diary, Haigh inscribed McSwan's initials and the sign of the Cross. He could never forget that he had once been a Plymouth brother.

McSwan's parents, again according to Haigh, were murdered at the same place and in the same way some months later, probably July, 1945. By forged deeds and power of attorney he managed to claim their property which amounted to not less than £1,000.

For a spendthrift such as Haigh (he spent little on drink and nothing on women, but was an insensate gambler) the profits accruing from the massacre of the McSwans lasted no more than three years. By the end of 1947 the tin had come for another "experiment," the first of the series he made in the Crawley workshop.

The victims were a Dr and Mrs. Henderson. This affluent but unfortunate couple first attracted Haigh's attention by an advertisement they put in the papers for the sale of their house in Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill. Haigh answered this, and although the deal fell through he turned on all his meretricious charm to win the trust of "Archie" and "Rose," as he soon came to call them.

By December 1947, he was confident enough of their friendship to begin preparing the operation which would put an end to it.

In the New Year Haigh began having his dream. "By now I was seized with an awful urge. Once more I saw the forest of crucifixes. Once more I awakened with the desire which needed fulfilment."

Curiously enough it was also "by now" that his bank manager was seized with an awful urge to press him for settlement of an overdraft totalling £337 08 11d. At the same time a money-lender, to whom Haigh owed £400, told him peremptorily that he too had a desire which needed fulfilment.

The Hendersons were now staying

FAMILIES—3

Family jokes, though cursed by strangers, are the bond that keeps most families alive.

Stella Benson

sensitive nature. "I loathe suffering," he said afterwards of that period. "I detest to see human beings in pain or fear, and I was sickened both in mind and spirit."

Perhaps to get away from it all, he managed to have himself sentenced, in 1941, to twenty-one months' hard labour for theft.

Haigh did not waste his time in Lincoln prison. While others learned carpentry or shorthand Haigh, it is said, engrossed himself in the study of the action of acids on animal tissues.

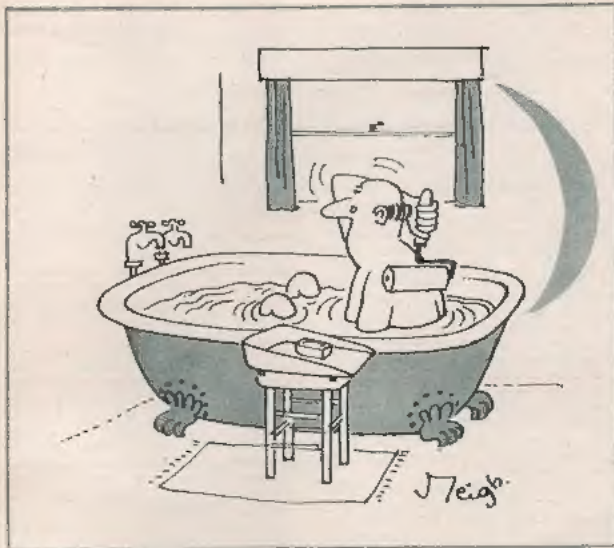
"If you are going to go wrong," he urged his fellow convicts, "go wrong in a big way; like me. Go after women—rich old women who like a bit of battery."

But it was not, according to his own account, a rich old woman who was his first murder victim. In 1944 he hired as a workshop a small cellar at 79 Gloucester Road, in Kensington. It was here that he killed William Donald McSwan.

McSwan, the proprietor of a pin table saloon, was a young man Haigh had met during the war and from whose parents he had enjoyed much pleasant hospitality. He professed to like "Mac" very much; it was perhaps, McSwan's double misfortune that not only was Haigh's



"You're neglecting your guests"



in Brighton and, on February 12, 1948, Haigh, by what lying excuse we do not know, drove "Archie" from his hotel in Brighton to Leopold Road, and shot him in the head with "Archie's" revolver. "I then returned to Brighton," Haigh said, "and told Rose that Archie had been taken very ill and needed her. She accompanied me to the storeroom at Crawley; and there I shot her. From each of them I took my draught of blood."

When the Hendersons were reduced to sludge he felt better enough to carry out a series of forgeries relating to their effects and properties which enabled him to credit his bank account with more than £7,000 during the course of 1948. He must have felt the Hendersons deserved their initials and the sign of the Cross—twice—in his diary.

Haigh said virtuously of his whole series of murders that it was never financial advantage that prompted him, but only his imperious need for blood. As for the incredible negligence in their carrying out—negligence which finally betrayed him after the murder of Mrs. Durand-Deacon—Haigh declared that he was convinced there was an "over-seeing hand which would protect" him.

It was to see whether the over-seeing hand could neutralize the processes of English justice that some thousands of people tried to gain admittance to the trial of John George Haigh when it opened at Lewes Assizes on Monday, July 18, 1949, before Mr. Justice Humphries.

Sir Hartley Shawcross led Mr. Eric Neve, K.C., and Mr. Gerald Howard for the prosecution. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, K.C., conducted the defence with the help of Mr. G. R. F. Morris and Mr. David Neve.

Haigh was delighted to be the cause of bringing together two such brilliantly shining legal lights. "I'm very glad," he remarked saucily, "to see that we have got old Maxy. He's no fool." Indeed not, and "old Maxy" was to put up a memorable fight for his life.

For those who managed to squeeze in to the small courtroom at Lewes, Haigh must have been a severe disappointment. Excessively smart in a green Lovat suit, he looked more like a haberdasher than a drinker of blood. After his first beaming appreciation of all the fuss he assumed an air of courteous detachment, and was soon absorbed with crossword puzzles. His attitude seemed to imply that "old Maxy" and the over-seeing hand would do the trick between them.

The defence of Haigh, as his counsel soon intimated, was to be insanity. But the doctors who had examined him in prison certified that he was sane enough to stand trial; and Sir Hartley based his prosecution on the fact that he was sane.

The Attorney-General's opening of

the case, clear and beautifully constructed, presented unemotionally with a Buddha-like mien, has been recommended to pupil barristers as a set piece of exposition.

Exotic growths of vampires, savage rites and paranoia were to sprout later on, but the soil Sir Hartley raked over in his opening was unpropitious, being stony with facts.

The first juxtaposition of killer and victim set the note. The two persons, he told the jury, with whom they would be concerned, were "a man apparently without any regular source of income who, at the material time, was in debt, overdrawn at his bank to the extent of about £80 and being pressed for payment of his hotel bill. The second of those persons was a Mrs. Durand-Deacon, a lady in comfortable circumstances, living peacefully in the evening of her life."

Then Sir Hartley outlined the story of the murder, emphasizing Haigh's interest, after his arrest, in the prospects of going to Broadmoor.

"When a man, apparently sane, is charged with murder to which there is no kind of answer, no possible answer on the facts, before he can look forward to getting out of Broadmoor, he has to consider when and how he can get himself in. At any rate, whether you are satisfied that the prisoner had this morbid appetite for blood or not, you may think it does nothing to detract from what the Prosecution suggests was the primary motive for this murder, namely, financial gain. And that is the whole story of the case."

By the afternoon of the first day, after hearing a file of prosecution witnesses, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Haigh had killed Mrs. Durand-Deacon. The only thing that now mattered was whether or not, at the time of killing her, Haigh knew that what he was doing was wrong.

It was the contention of the defence that Haigh did not know this; and the task of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was to try to satisfy the jury that Haigh was suffering from the disease of the mind called paranoia. To support him scientifically, Sir David called an expert and distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Henry Yellowlees.

He went through what Haigh had told him of his life and habits, commenting on such aspects as he thought significant for the plea of insanity. His thirst for blood? It was the accepted characteristic of paranoiacs to follow customs indulged in by primitive tribes. What about the lack of sexual activity and interest in Haigh's make up? That also, said Dr. Yellowlees, was found in paranoiacs.

Sir David next came to a difficult point. How did the doctor explain the



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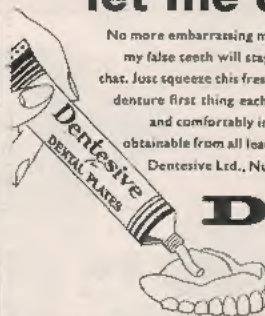
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precautions Haigh took after his murders to avoid detection? Haigh had told the doctor that he killed on a mystical impulse. But the precautions? Mr. Justice Humphries wanted to have his mind clear about this.

"He told you," asked the judge, "that he took steps to avoid detection afterwards because he knew quite well that to kill a person was a crime?"—"Yes; I think he used the phrase punishable by law."

"Very well, because he knew that to kill a person was punishable by law?"—"Yes, and he added that of course it did not apply in his case."

"Why was he not amenable to the law?"—"Because he says he is working under the guidance, and in harmony with, some principle that is above the law."

That was the position when, on the second day, Sir Hartley rose to cross-examine Dr. Yellowlees. The Attorney-General first sought to show that the symptoms of insanity on which Haigh based his defence depended on Haigh's word alone.

Sir Hartley: "You would agree, would you not, that the prisoner is a person on whose word it would be utterly unsafe to rely?"—"Yes."

And a little later, when it was a question of Haigh's dreams:

"Do you attach importance to the dreams?"—"Yes, I attach great importance."

"Whether this man dreamed or not is a matter you can only judge by what he has told you?"—"Yes."

"You said a moment ago that he was incapable of speaking the truth?"—"Yes."

THIS defence was severely shaken, and it seemed to be in ruins when Sir Hartley began that crucial sequence of questions which obliged the doctor to admit that he thought that Haigh, at the time he murdered Mrs. Durand-Deacon, knew that what he was doing was punishable by law.

Sir David, contrary to what many expected, did not call further expert evidence. He could, of course, have called Haigh himself, but did not.

After the final submissions of the defence and prosecution, and a long and lucid summing up from the judge on the issues of insanity at law, the jury retired at 4.23 p.m. and returned after only seventeen minutes.

Haigh was found guilty, and to the question whether he had anything to say, he replied: "Nothing at all."

Mr. Justice Humphries donned the black cap and, refraining from the moral homily which some judges favour, sentenced Haigh to death.

He made no appeal, and was hanged at Wandsworth Prison in August.

At the time of the Haigh trial Sir Hartley had been Attorney-General for four years. He liked the post. Contrary to what many have written and said about him, he has always been a lawyer—first, last and all the time. When he returned to London from Liverpool in 1937 and took silk two years later, a career in politics was the last thing he had in mind. He was a Bench of Gray's Inn and was beginning to earn a high income at the Bar. If he had ambitions, they were legal ones. As it did for so many people, it was the war that made him change direction.

It was while he was enjoying a sailing holiday on the Helford River that he received a telegram from the Lord Chancellor asking him to undertake the presidency of the newly set up Enemy Aliens Tribunal. Shawcross, who had seen the war coming, joined the Emergency Reserve of Officers with his brother, Christopher, in 1938. But the injury to his back, a relic of the old climbing accident, which obliged him—and obliges him still—to be tightly bandaged for months at a time, made him unacceptable to the doctors.

As it happened, he worked as hard at the Aliens Tribunal as he would have in any uniform.

"About a thousand aliens went through my hands," he said later, "and I'm rather proud of the fact that I interned only a single one."

His sympathetic and efficient handling of a rather thankless job led him

next to be appointed Deputy Regional Commissioner for the South-eastern Region.

In 1942, the south-west gave way to the north-east when Shawcross went to Manchester as Regional Commissioner of that area in succession to the late Lord Geddes. He believed Geddes to have had the best brain he has ever known. "He was a great man," Shawcross said later, "and his influence affected my career in a very important way. The example of Geddes showed me that administration could be fruitful and interesting. When, later, I did go into politics, it was for its administrative possibilities, and not for its partisan element."

Hartley Shawcross, indeed, by temperament and training, would have

FAMILIES—4

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Thomas Scott

made a poor backbencher. "The man is too generous," said—rather sadly—a member of the Labour Government some years later, "to make a good politician."

To be in Manchester was, in a sense, to have come home. Shawcross, with his years on the Northern Circuit, had many friends in the district. The region included the town of St. Helens, and the friends Hartley Shawcross made there were not to forget him later.

It was perhaps fortunate for him that he was so busy, and that these were demanding times: for in 1943, the wife he had married when he was a pupil barrister, and who had faced with great courage a series of grave illnesses almost from the time of the marriage, died.

Eighteen months later and three before the armistice, Hartley Shawcross resigned his Commission and came south to London once more. It was the end of an era.

Politics or the Bar? His interest in administration, quickened by his years

in Manchester, had led him to accept the offer of the St. Helens branch of the Labour Party to be its prospective candidate for the next general election.

He had accepted willingly; but now, as he picked up the legal threads again, the implications of his decision might have caused a lesser man to pause. Once in London, and installed in chambers with Sir Patrick Hastings, Hartley Shawcross enjoyed, during the three months that preceded the general election, one of the most lucrative periods he has ever experienced at the Bar. The maximum salary permitted for a Regional Commissioner was £3,500 a year. Back at the Bar, with fat briefs coming in, Hartley Shawcross could have looked forward to earning at least six times that sum. He was almost a senior silk, had been the youngest Recorder of Salford—in history, and at forty-three was a man with a solid reputation behind him.

Yet he over-contemplated withdrawing his candidacy at St. Helens, nor had he any regrets when, after a busy campaign, he was elected by a majority of some 17,000 votes at the general election in July.

"I had no idea that they were going to offer me the Attorney-Generalship," he was to say later, "but when they did I took it at once. It meant a marriage of the two things I was most interested in professionally—law and administration."

It meant, too, and automatically, a knighthood. When Sir Hartley was knighted two months later, and moved from Paper Buildings in the Temple to his new office in the Royal Courts of Justice, he knew what he was, but was not quite sure where he was going.

Of law and administration there was as much of the one as the other. In the two years following the election of the Labour government a record amount of legislation was pushed through. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the leader of the House of Commons, was reorganizing the machinery of government and it was the Attorney-General's specialized task to see that his plans were legally sound. Outside the House there were the Nuremberg Tribunal, the treason trials of Joyce and Amery and, in May, 1946, the trial of Alan Nunn May.

Nunn May was perhaps the ablest man that Sir Hartley ever saw in the

clock. Only twenty-eight when the war broke out—a weedy, shy-looking man, bespectacled and prematurely bald—he held the post, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, of lecturer on physics at London University.

May, who had been in a left-wing clique at Cambridge (it included Burgess and Maclean, the two Foreign Office diplomats who fled to Russia in 1951) never made any secret of his Communist sympathies. That did not prevent him, such were his intellectual gifts, from being recruited, at the beginning of the war, for nuclear research.

As one of the chosen few, working with the directors of the organization, he signed the Official Secrets Act, by which he pledged himself never to reveal any detail of his knowledge to unauthorized persons.

But in Canada, where he went in 1942 as the senior member of the British team co-operating with the Canadians, he thought, according to his own statement, that the work he was engaged on was a danger to mankind unless its nature was divulged to other great powers. That it should be so divulged, Nunn May, when he was approached by a Soviet agent in Canada, agreed to give help.

By the spring of 1945, just before the first atomic bomb was tried out in the Alamogordo desert, he was enrolled on the Soviet espionage strength under the code name of "Alex." His first reports concerned uranium and atomic energy in general, rather than details of the atomic bomb itself. For this he received two hundred dollars.

In the summer of 1946, however, when he warned the Russians that he was to be sent back to England, he gave more than theoretical information. This took the form of stealing, probably from the Montreal laboratories, minute samples of separated uranium isotopes. The information and the samples were considered so valuable that a special aircraft flew them to Russia forthwith. Nunn May, before leaving Canada, also supplied details of the highly secret American electronically controlled shells which they were employing against the Japanese suicide flyers.

WHEN May returned to England late in 1945—after accepting a further payment of five hundred dollars—he had already arranged to meet Soviet contacts, on various dates in October and November.

The rendezvous was to be outside the British Museum. Whether he would have kept these appointments or not will never be known. For by now the Russian cipher clerk, Igor Gouzenko, who decamped from the Russian Embassy at Ottawa, had revealed the ramifications of the Soviet's Canadian spy ring. The Special Branch of Scotland Yard knew all about the projected meetings outside the British Museum. Nunn May must have been warned himself, for, although detectives were there at the relevant times, Nunn May was not.

On February 26, 1946, he was arrested.

He made a full confession which ended: "The whole affair was extremely painful to me and I only embarked on it because I felt this was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind. I certainly did not do it for gain."

His trial at the Old Bailey on May 1, before Mr. Justice Oliver, attracted very little attention and was over in less than two hours. Nunn May pleaded guilty and said not one word in his own defence. Nor did he volunteer any information which could have helped the authorities.

After the Attorney-General had read May's statement—which was also his confession—May was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Sir Hartley's main impression of the short trial was one of waste. He had no pity for Nunn May, but he could not help thinking what this gifted man could have done for his country and the free world if his mind had not had its single, secret flaw.

NEXT WEEK: Sidney Stanley and the inquiry that shocked Britain



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Land Of Sunshine
Batman Macmillan
On Summer's Stage
What We Are
The Communist Machine
A Mile Off
New And Wonderful
To Beat The Bandits
Buried In The Sand
A Feast Of Colour

Shows Who's Boss
Be A Devil And
Sob-stuff
Given The Full Treatment
In Jones's House
Piled Up
He's An Artist, So
Something Burning
The Twiddly Bits
Voice On The Loud-speaker

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

A Man-made.....
With A.....Each
.....For The Children
Escaped From.....
Snapped The.....
She's Getting..... But

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Colthugh Street, Llantrisant,
Major, Glam.: Hand Of Man—
Shaping "Moon"—Battering Beach.
£10 M. Warner, Upper Win-
chendon, Aylesbury: In
Kneachev's Net—"Butterflies" Could
Put Meat!
£9 J. Bryer, 194 Ponsomby
Road, Parkstone, Dorset:
In Kneachev's Confidence—Except
About Impending Arrest!
£8 H. E. Smith, 107 Allington
Avenue, Lennox, Nottingham:
ham: The Blood—Costs, Cost Board
Reluctant.
£7 W. Deasgby, 31A Windsor
Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth:
Hand Of Man—Has Made
Globe, "Egg-shell."
£6 E. B. Deane, 8 Farnham
Road, London, S.W. 6:
Under The Old Oak Tree—Grandpa
Buried-In Camel!
£5 Mrs. M. A. Ashby, "Beth-
any," Course Lane, New-
burch, Wigan: Kicking
Up A Dust—Dad's Car!
Watering Roads!
£4 H. V. Lambshire,
100 Valentine
Court, London, S.E. 13:
Gobbling Up The Day
—For Mum, Family's
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Street, Ashton-under-
Lyne: Too Modest—
"Amazembling" Tax
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RULES

1. First Prize received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Pen-submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to forty Bull, cross (& Co.), write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (on JUNE 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. "Adams" employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 12, for early news of No. 2,147 result.)

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